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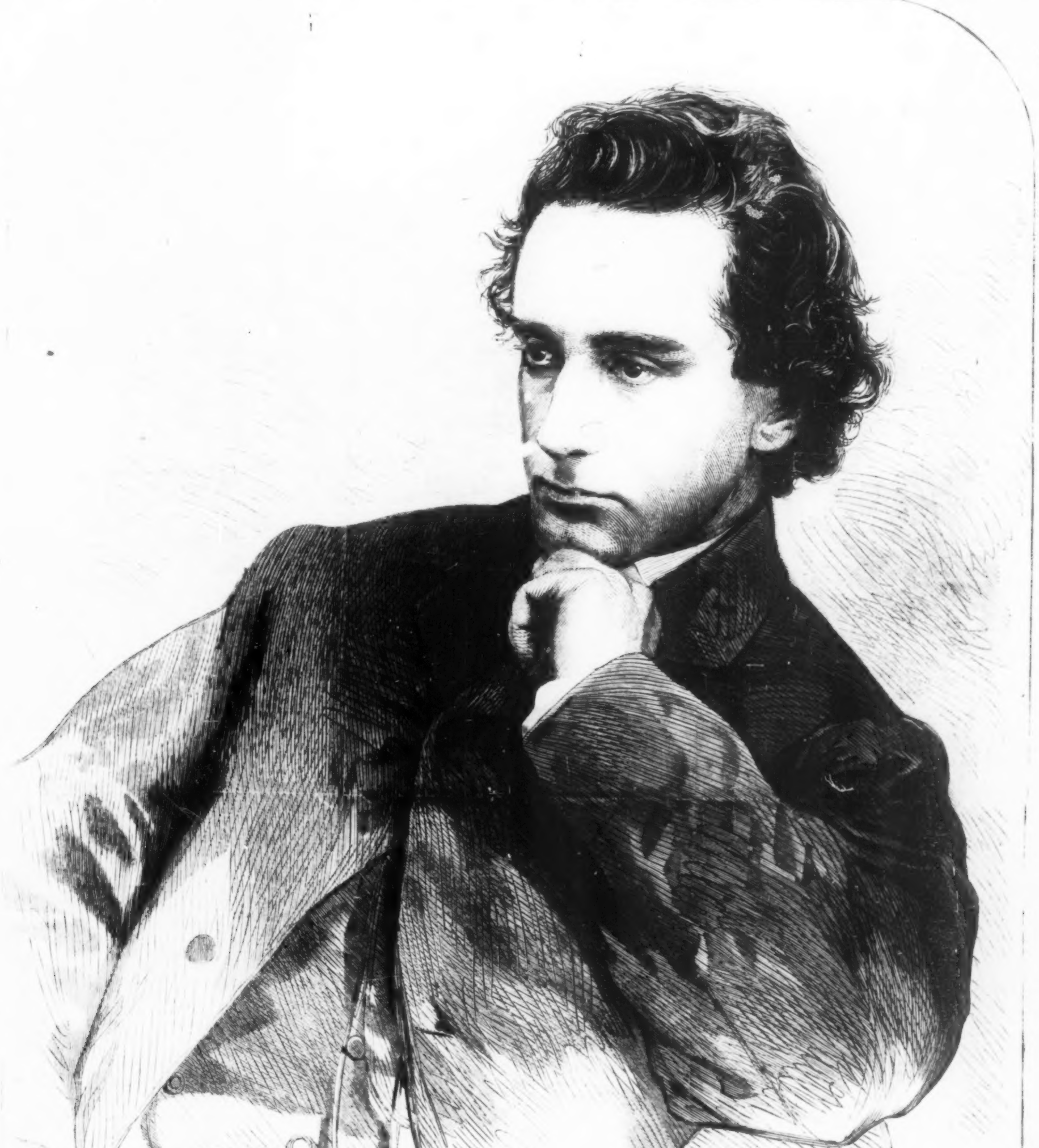

EDWIN FORREST BOOTH.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 18.]

EDWIN F. BOOTH.

EDWIN FORREST BOOTH, the most celebrated of living American actors, was born in Hartford County, near Baltimore, Maryland, in November, 1833. He was named after FORREST, now his only rival on the American stage. His father, JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH, a native of England, though a man of very eccentric character, achieved a very high distinction as a tragic actor. This elder BOOTH had three sons, all of whom followed more or less zealously their father's profession. Of the three EDWIN alone can be worthily deemed the elder BOOTH's successor in the histrionic art.

EDWIN BOOTH made his first appearance upon the stage when he was only sixteen years old, as Tressel, in "Richard III.," at the Museum in Boston. This was sixteen years ago. His father was still living. Indeed, the first appearance of this young actor in Philadelphia, a year later, as Wilford, in "The Iron Chest," was for the benefit of his father. On the 4th of March, 1857, he made his *début* in New York at the Metropolitan Theatre in the character of Richard III.

More nearly allied to his father than his brothers were in genius, he also inherited more of his personal characteristics and temperament. His face has, in a large measure, the same antique type which belonged to his father's. It may be fairly said that in external advantages no living actor can compete with EDWIN BOOTH. It is more than possible that his striking resemblance to his father has done the young actor great injury. It led his audience to treat him with a too kind indulgence, taking him up as a pet from the first. Under these circumstances it appears to us wonderful that Mr. BOOTH has made his profession so careful a study as he has done, and that he has not more and graver errors.

Mr. BOOTH's impersonations of character are eminently intellectual. His face and eye are his great organs of expression, as were his father's. But he has also a rich and powerful voice. As Sir Edward Mortimer he is very successful, especially in the last scene. His Richard is original; his Richelieu is probably the most carefully studied and elaborately finished of all his impersonations. It is in Hamlet, however, that his genius is most apparent. Macbeth is not so well fitted to his peculiar temperament. There is not enough of *speculation* in the character to suit him, Lady Macbeth monopolizing that element herself. Still we scarcely ever witnessed a more powerful combination on the stage than that presented in the play of "Macbeth," with BOOTH as Macbeth and Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN as Lady Macbeth, on the occasion of a benefit to the Sanitary Commission at the Academy of Music in the winter of 1863.

About three years since Mr. BOOTH lost his wife, who was much beloved and admired, and whose death was a severe affliction to her husband.

Mr. BOOTH's position before the public at this time is one which elicits our most cordial sympathy. Within the past year he has suffered with us all in a common grief, but he has also had, in connection with the very occasion of that grief, a private sorrow which ought to be sacred to us all.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1866.

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"INSIDE."

IN the next Number of the *Weekly* we shall begin the publication of a very remarkable original novel called "INSIDE." It is a picture of the interior life of the South during the Rebellion, drawn by one who was born in that part of the country, and who has always lived there, with the exception of temporary visits elsewhere, and who was "inside" of the Rebellion from beginning to end. The author has been always an unswerving Union man, and his story, begun with the Rebellion and written as it progressed, was of a character which imperiled his life had it been discovered, so that his wife carried it to church on Sundays concealed about her person; while, when sorely pressed, the author buried the MS. in the ground to escape detection.

Yet the work is written in no partisan spirit, but with striking impartiality. Its descriptions of the various shades of character and conviction involved in the Rebellion are subtle and masterly. The methods by which ignorance, superstition, prejudice, and every passion, were made subservient to Secession by the rebel leaders are vividly exposed, and the whole machinery of the Rebellion is laid bare. The terrorism which necessarily underlies a society built upon Slavery is almost involuntarily revealed on every page, not by any argument or appeal, but by the graphic narration of the ordinary course of life.

The dramatic power of the work, both of perception and execution, are very striking. The fidelity of its details is thrilling, and the interest consequently absorbing. We are not likely to have a more comprehensive and incisive interior view of the great struggle, and of those aspects which are most characteristic, than that given by "INSIDE." And it is a work of such sincerity, earnestness, knowledge, and unquestionable truthfulness, that every member of Congress and every man in the country may study in it the real condition of the South, and reason more intelligibly upon the pressing problem of the time.

We invite our readers to verify or condemn our judgment by the perusal of the work.

THE SITUATION.

THAT General WADE HAMPTON was received with all the honors by the Legislature of Alabama, and responded to their acclamations by eulogizing the noble and heroic effort of the people of that State to destroy the United States Government for the glorious purpose of perpetuating and extending human slavery, is not a surprising event. It is in strict accord with the other demonstrations in the lately insurgent States, which have not been directly coerced by the National Government. It is akin to the election of General HUMPHREYS over the Union candidate, as Governor of Mississippi, and the defeat of the representative Unionist, Mr. HOLDEN, as Governor of North Carolina; and illustrates what no well-informed person denies, that proved fidelity to the rebellion is the present ground of popularity and public confidence at the South.

Such things we say are not amazing. They are natural. They were to be expected. It is foolish to ask men to change their opinions because they have been overpowered, or to love the hand which smites and subdues them. How foolish it is to ask it may be seen not only from the study of human nature in general, but of Southern human nature in particular. The talk of the rebel officers who swarm in the large Northern cities, and of the "society" which "sympathizes with the South;" the action and debates of the Conventions in the Southern States, the elections; the reluctant assent to the most imperative national requirements; the reports which come through every source—military, mercantile, religious, social, private, and official—from the late rebel section, all confirm the truth of the statement that the condition of the South is just what was to be expected, hostile and defiant.

Some of the States have accepted the emancipation amendment, have repudiated their rebel debt, have revoked their acts of secession, and have granted a certain form of equality in the courts, simply because they could not help themselves. Or are we mistaken? Have South Carolina and Mississippi passed the amendment heartily and freely? Is the fraternal intercourse of the great churches beginning again? Is trade rapidly reviving? Is immigration setting copiously toward the South? Is there an evident determination to make the best of it?

We hope there may be, but will any candid man say that there is any proof of it? General GRANT reports that leading men told him that the decision of battle was accepted as final, but the General adds that he found no loyal men who "thought it practicable to withdraw the military from the South at present." The reasons are obvious.

Now we do not care to be told again that this condition of the public mind at the South is natural and to be expected. We grant it freely; but that is not the whole truth. When that is said much more remains to be said before you have accurately defined the situation. If the mass of the voting population in the Southern States be naturally and inevitably hostile to the Government, is it not essential to be very cautious and sagacious about intrusting them with a share in the control of the Government? If it be difficult to say how the Union is to prosper while some of the States are unrepresented, it is not at all difficult to say how the Government will fare in hostile hands. There are difficulties and dangers in every policy proposed. If it be true that confidence begets confidence, it is no less true that party spirit in a section of the country has proved to be stronger than patriotism, and that experience has kept a dear school for the United States. The work we have to do can not be done in a moment. If ever a nation ought to make haste slowly, we ought to do so now.

We do not anticipate any general armed resistance in the disaffected part of the country. We do not believe that any attempt will be made to restore exactly the system of slavery which has been abolished. And unquestionably as a free press and free discussion gradually penetrate the South, and immigration turns thither, and the passions of trade are revived, the heaving waves will be slowly stilled and there will be peace.

But our practical question is how to hasten the operation of all these influences? The radically disturbing element at the South is the overthrow of its industrial system, which was the basis of its political system and the spring of all its political heresies. Its industrial population is a very large proportion of the whole. Colonization, exportation, and all other dainty devices of drainage are out of the question. The colored population will remain upon its native soil. It is impossible that it should very long remain peaceably as a purely pariah class. Even the Raleigh *Progress*, which makes opposition to equal suffrage the test of Unionism in North Carolina, confesses that it is sure to come. And is it not clear that until it does come there will not be that condition in the Southern States which will give the pacifying influences fair play? So long as a large class of the population is subject to unfair laws there will be no temptation to immigration or trade, and free speech will be constantly threatened. So long, consequently, there will be no harmony or peace.

No man who really understands the character of our Government, and accepts from conviction the principles upon which it is founded, as they are impressively stated by President JOHNSON in his Message, can believe that there will be any actual pacification of the country until this fundamental point of political equality is settled. The question, then, is vital and imminent. Reasoning from evidence and human nature, have we any right to suppose that the present voting population will, without further suggestion from the National Government—in other words, from the people of the United States—take, within this generation, the necessary steps to settle the question of political rights in such a manner as to promise speedy peace and reunion? Or, to put it in the other way, will the true welfare of the country be more endangered by the immediate admission of the unrepresented States, seeing and knowing what we do—or by requiring, as a precedent condition, in addition to the amendment to which their assent has already been required by the President, and for the purpose of securing its rightful intent, a further amendment apportioning representation to the number of voters?

There is no occasion for heat and fury in the discussion of the question. All loyal men have but one great object in view, and that is the earliest real—not nominal or ceremonial—reunion. And it is very foolish for those who differ upon the question of method to denounce each other as reprobates or malcontents.

THE VOTE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

WE have had occasion sometimes to speak of the rats of the City Hall, which gnaw away the legacies of widows and orphans, which prey upon the property of all citizens who think they have any, and which have long since destroyed the honorable name of the city of New York. The taxes of this city are of fabulous enormity; its municipal management is another name for the worst corruption; its foul condition at this moment invites the cholera, which is hastening greedily hither; and were the experiment of popular government to be decided by its working in this city it would be called a failure by every candid mind.

Indeed it is hard to say whether it would not have come to a Vigilance Committee, if it had not been for the sagacious and timely help of the State. The Metropolitan Police and the new Metropolitan Fire Department—of the Commissioners and machines of which we elsewhere in this paper present an illustration, have been of incalculable service to this city and to the country, but they were both stoutly resisted upon their introduction, and that worthy patriot, FERNANDO WOOD, who mourned in the opening war that he could not send arms to the rebels with which to shoot loyal citizens, undertook to resist the law removing his police, but was fortunately not sustained in his rebellion, and yielded.

The politics of the State are a contest between the city and country. The question during the war always was, how large a city majority against the National Government must the country overcome? The vote of the rest of the State, in 1862, elected General WADSWORTH Governor by some thirty thousand, that of the city elected Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR by about forty thousand. The city of New York, in February, 1861, would doubtless have adopted the Montgomery Constitution by a large majority. In November, 1864, it gave more than thirty thousand majority for the Chicago shame and surrender policy. Beyond question it would have supported as warmly a proposition to allow the rebel States to resume their relations to the Union without a single condition; and out of its 129,000 voters some 10,000 only could be persuaded to vote for a candidate for Mayor pledged against the Ring, or conspiracy for municipal swindling.

In view of the proverbial corruption and misgovernment of the city, and of its tenacious adherence at the ballot-box to the party which has so long held the municipal control, and which as a party virtually palliated the rebellion and embarrassed the Government in its effort to suppress it, and considering the undoubted fact that the security of order and property here, such as it is, is due to the care of the State and not to the unrestricted authority of the city, it becomes extremely interesting to analyze the composition of the vote of the city. Why has the American system so conspicuously failed in an American city?

The means of this analysis are furnished in the State census of the year 1865, by which it appears that the *naturalized* voters of New York city outnumber the NATIVE voters by 26,000. A number which, by a singular coincidence, is almost exactly that of the Democratic majority of this city in our last State election. The whole number of NATIVE voters in the city is 51,500, and that of the *naturalized* voters 77,475. While of the 823,426 voters of the State, 239,832 are naturalized.

These facts are very striking and significant. Unquestionably the 128,000 votes of the city represent in the mass the least intelligent voters in the country; and it is agreeable to know that the results of the elections in New York city are due to the ignorance of those who have had little chance to know the spirit of our institutions or the true policy of our Government, and not to the intelligent choice of native and educated citizens. These figures explain also the freedom with which money is voted away, and the civic partiality for allowances to the *Institutions of the Romish Church* over all others. The Census is a happy proof that the utterly misgoverned municipality of New York is not a representative American city.

DECLARATORY RESOLUTIONS.

THERE are certain good gentlemen in Congress who are fond of whipping out declaratory resolutions as a highwayman pops out a pistol, with "your opinion or your life." The performance is usually worse than unedifying; and especially during a discussion which should be so peculiarly calm, earnest, and deliberate as that upon which Congress is about entering declaratory resolutions are impertinent and mischievous. They are an attempt to coerce or forestall conclusions which can only be legitimately expressed after thoughtful consideration. They are devices of impatience and are very deceptive, except when they have the solemnity and force of great Legislative acts, and then they are meant to be maintained by all means and at all hazards.

But when they beg the very point at issue they are merely absurd. A man may hold many abstract opinions which he does not propose at any particular time and under existing circumstances to embody in laws. Yet if he be compelled to express those opinions, he is, on the one hand, exposed to a charge of inconsistency, or worse, if he does not subsequently vote upon a special proposition in accordance with his abstract views; and, on the other hand, by his regard for apparent consistency, he may be coerced into a vote which he does not fully approve.

Congress is a body of practical legislators met for deliberation upon the best methods of achieving certain results. It is not an arena for the assertion of doctrines of political philosophy. Every wise legislator, indeed, will hold certain fixed and absolute general principles, but the best application of them in legislation is the very point of his deliberation. He may honestly believe, for instance, that every body of sound mind and of a certain age should vote; and he may with equal honesty vote against a specific proposition for securing that result. To compel him, without explanation and qualification, to say yea or nay to a declaratory resolution upon the subject, is to embarrass him needlessly, and imperil the very cause which the mover of the resolution may have at heart.

Upon the great question of Reconstruction the country needs no snap judgment, but the most mature and sagacious action.

HISTORY OF THE GOLD PREMIUM.

FOUR years have elapsed since the Banks of the United States suspended specie payments. It is interesting to note the fluctuations which have taken place in gold during that period.

The suspension took place on the last night of the year 1861, eight months after the commencement of the war. For five months the fluctuations in gold were merely nominal, the highest point touched being 105. Wall Street speculators, seduced by the heavy interest account on sales of gold on long sellers' options, were willing to supply merchants with any quantity of specie, deliverable within sixty days, at a fraction below the cash price. People generally were believers in a short war, and, guided by the experience of 1857, were slow to believe in a great depreciation of the currency. Though the first ACT of Congress authorizing an issue of irredeemable paper-money became a law on 25th February, 1862, it was not till the June following that the premium on specie marked 109. In the following month, July, the utter defeat of M'CLELLAN's expedition against Richmond could no longer be concealed, and in the general discouragement caused by the news gold rose to 120. From this point it reacted in August to 112. In the first week of September came the sad intelligence of the second battle of Bull Run and the rout of POPE, which caused the premium again to advance to 120; subsequently, on news of LEE's invasion of Maryland, it rose to 124; but fell back on his retreat into Virginia, after the battle of Antietam, to 116. Then came news that BRAGG was chasing BUELL through Kentucky to the Ohio River, and gold rose early in October to 137, the highest point yet reached. It reached to 122 on the retreat of the rebels. But the upward tendency had now been fully established, and speculation began to accelerate the movement. In December of 1852 BURNSIDE fought his re lucky battle at Fredericksburg, and gold jumped suddenly to 160.

Hundreds of persons were now interested in the rise of gold. At Washington leading members of both political parties, department officials, newspaper correspondents, bankers, members of Congress, lobby agents, were all speculating for the rise, and with such daring and capital that nothing short of military successes of a decisive character could have defeated them. The public temper, from having been, in January, 1862, almost unanimous against an advance in gold, was now, in December, 1862, about as unanimous on the other side. The premium had been kept down below 105 by the force of public opinion in the first two months of 1862, in spite of prodigal issues of paper-money; in the first two months of 1863 that same public opinion, without the aid of material disasters, forced up the premium to 173. Sherman's unsuccessful assault upon Vicksburg was the only important defeat of the period, and that was less material than several successes which occurred almost simultaneously. The climax of the speculation was reached in February. In four months gold had risen from 122 per cent. to 173 per cent.—51 points. It may have been too low in October, but such an advance was too rapid to hold. The immediate occasion of the collapse was the passage of the first gold bill through Congress—a ridiculous measure, forbidding loans of over par on gold. Had the market been in a different condition the act would have put up, instead of putting down the price. Inflated as it was, it only required an excuse to give way; this measure sufficed, and before the end of February, 1863, gold sold at 152.

From that point the decline was steady—with occasional reactions—till August, in which month it sold down to 122. This was on the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg, the capture of Vicksburg, and the capture of Fort Wagner at Charleston. When the news of Gillmore's gallant achievement was received in Wall Street it was confidently assumed that Charleston was "as good as taken," and that at last the rebellion had really received its death-blow. During this period of six months, from 15th February to 15th August, the old Bulls in gold had generally been ruined, and the Bears had reaped a splendid harvest.

In August well-informed persons, who knew that the war was not over, that the rebels were still full of fight, and that the Government stood in great need of money, became large buyers of gold and exchange, and the premium again began to advance, until by New Year, 1864, it stood at 150. The chances were fair that, in the absence of decisive military events, the premium would remain at about that figure, when it unfortunately occurred to Secretary Chase and to Thaddeus Stevens that it might be depressed by legislation. On the first suggestion of interference with the trade in bullion the premium advanced to 160, and then, in April, 1864, to 180. Every one became uneasy. If to buy gold were pronounced a crime the holding of gold would next be declared criminal: the French Government, during the Revolution, had punished with confiscation and imprisonment persons who hoarded specie; if our Government pursued its present policy a similar measure was not improbable. In the dread inspired by these apprehensions large numbers of persons purchased gold and shipped it abroad, creating a scarcity of the precious metal, and causing the price to advance. Undismayed by these indications Congress pursued its policy, and the famous gold bill was passed, the effect of which was to cause specie to advance to 285 in July, 1864.

The military prospect at the time was not unfavorable. Grant was pushing "on to Richmond;" Sherman, with the finest army in the world, was preparing for his march through the cotton States; all the indications were in favor of the success of the Government and the ruin of the rebels. Yet so wide-spread was the alarm created by the interference of Government with the trade in bullion that gold rose 20 per cent. a day for several days in succession, and would have gone on rising indefinitely but for the repeal of the "Gold Act." This evidence of a return to sound principles checked the advance. But it was not so easy to repair the damage done. The lowest price made for gold in August, 1864, was 231—fifty points above the highest price current before Congress began to legislate on the subject. In the first week of September Sherman took Atlanta, and, on the news, gold fell to 186. From this point it rose again. In November considerable uneasiness was felt respecting Sherman, Grant's operations did not yield results which the masses could appreciate, the volume of paper-money was excessive, and there seemed to be no limit to the issues, present and future; and gold once more touched 260.

This was the last great upward surge. From the fall of Savannah at Christmas 1864, which depressed the price to 211, all went well with the Union cause. Congress, taught by experience, killed a new gold bill in a summary manner, and quite positively refused to authorize new issues of paper. Under the influence of this policy gold was only about 200 when Richmond fell. The event caused a decline of 52 points; and when, a few days afterward, the whole Confederacy collapsed like a balloon, the Generals surrendered, and the Ringleader was caught, a further decline of 20 points, bringing the price down to 128, was realized.

From that point it has reacted as high as 149. For several months the premium has fluctuated between 143 and 148, seldom rising above the latter or falling below the former figure. Heavy sales of surplus gold by the Sub-Treasurer at New York have put down the premium, and occasional inquiry for gold for duties has put it up. But its range has been a narrow one.

It is not Mr. M'Culloch's plan, as we understand it, to attempt any violent interference with the gold market. He will sell all the surplus gold he can spare at the market price—no more. He will continue to exact gold for duties. He will, of course, oppose legislation on the subject of dealings in gold. And while he will resist all further expansion of the currency, he will from time to time, as the market suits, negotiate new loans with a view to the withdrawal of the currency received in payment. The effect of these measures will be gradually to depress the price of gold as compared with currency. How rapid the depression will be—over how many years the process may extend—how old we shall be when the last legal tender passes out of circulation—these are problems which depend, for their solution, on influences beyond the control even of Secretaries of the Treasury, and respecting which it would be futile even to hazard a conjecture.

THE LABOR QUESTION AT THE SOUTH.

Last August General Slocum, then commanding in Mississippi, countermanded Provisional Governor Sharkey's order for the enrollment of the State militia, and gave excellent and conclusive reasons for his conduct. The General's action was not sustained, and the consequences which he predicted are taking place. The following statement, which comes to us in a letter from Rodney, Mississippi, dated on the 2d of December, is confirmed by a distinguished General who was long in service at the Southwest, and has just returned:

> "The militia of this county have seized every gun and pistol found in the hands of the (so called) freedmen of this section of the county. They claim that the statute laws of Mississippi do not recognize the negro as having any right to carry arms. They commenced seizing arms in town, and now the plantations are ransacked in the dead hours of night by Captain Wilcox and company. There are no Union troops here, not even a Provost-Marshal nearer than Fayette; and of course the (ex-rebel) militia are having full sway, although they give Fayette a wide berth in their operations, not wishing to come in contact with the Provost-Marshal. Several of the guns seized belonged to disbanded colored soldiers. Some of them have applied to the Provost-Marshal in Fayette; but, though willing, he is unable to assist them, not having any troops with him. The colored people intend holding a meeting to petition the Freedmen's Bureau to re-establish their courts in the State of Mississippi, as the civil laws of this State do not, and will not protect, but insist upon infringing on their liberties."

In Texas, General Gregory recently arrested an ex-slaveholder for chasing a freedman with dogs. Throughout the disaffected section the hatred of the colored race is intense, and they are persecuted without mercy, especially if they have worn the uniform of the United States. Undoubtedly the whites would like to exasperate the blacks into insurrection, that there might be a good excuse for their extermination. Meanwhile, it is indisputable that the conduct of the freedmen is generally as patient and loyal as it was during the war. They are willing to work, and wish to remain upon their native soil. But the experience of the West India islands shows that the class which, after emancipation, retards and perplexes a proper adjustment of the new relations is always the masters. As a rule, their haughty, senseless, impracticable conduct, their refusal to accept the radical change, and their determination either to retain their old domination under new forms, or by sullen passivity to make freedom seem worse for the laborers than slavery, is the cardinal difficulty of the situation.

That this is to be so in our Southern States is plain, and the duty of the Government, which has freed the slaves, is to consider in what way it can best secure that freedom. The *Evening Post* urges warmly an allotment to the freedmen of portions of the public lands, believing that, when the planting class discovers that labor is disappearing, wages will rise and the treatment of the laborer improve. Others are sanguine that, if a beginning could be made, in Virginia, for instance, of transporting freedmen to Florida, under the auspices of those whom they have learned to trust, even if but a thousand or two should go, the result would be similar; and the landowners, finding that the laborers were not absolutely dependent upon them, would gradually come to reason.

Such suggestions deserve thoughtful attention; and the importance of the question, and the necessity of the most intelligent action, which can be based only upon accurate knowledge, show how indispensable is the continuance of the Bureau which is now so skillfully and ably controlled by General Howard. It is also of extreme importance that it should be managed by those who are really and not merely officially interested in the subject.

JURY QUALIFICATIONS.

Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, has introduced an excellent bill abolishing in the United States courts the disqualification of jurors based upon their knowledge and impression of the circumstances attending the commission of crime. In cases of great and peculiar publicity, when it is especially necessary that the most intelligent jury shall be empanneled, the most intelligent men are obviously more or less familiar with the public accounts of the transaction, but are by no means necessarily prejudiced. The press has taught us all to distrust the press, and no intelligent man now forms an absolute and final opinion merely upon the current reports of news.

The old law, as Mr. Doolittle remarks, called men to a jury because they knew all about the transaction. But latterly such men have been entirely excluded. Yet in a case of paramount importance, like that of Jefferson Davis, when the facts are necessarily familiar to every man, and an opinion has been formed by every man so far as he has considered the facts and what he supposes to be the law, there is no shutting of the mind to any fair statement or strong argument, and the case could be as justly tried by a juryman who had read and talked upon the subject for the last four years as by a denizen of the planet Mercury newly come down. The question in the case would be not whether Davis had waged war against the United States, which he would not deny, but whether he were justified in doing it.

Or to take a somewhat different case—that of Quantrell. However strongly a man may feel upon the subject of the Lawrence massacre, he would yet be capable of perceiving a palliation or justification, if such could be produced. And while the exclusion operates against the honest man it is powerless against the dishonest. A person who had vowed revenge against Quantrell would often swear that he had no opinion of his guilt, in order to get upon the jury and hang him.

The proposition of Mr. Doolittle applies, of course, to the case of Davis. It is very clear that a jury can never be empanneled for his trial if it is to be composed of those who who have really formed or expressed no opinion upon the subject. We are indeed inclined to believe that the trial will never take place, but for other reasons. The President says that persons charged with treason should be tried, that the truth "may be clearly established and affirmed that treason is a crime." But how if the jury should not agree or should acquit Jefferson Davis, for instance?—would the truth not be, in that unlucky case, "clearly established and confirmed" that secession is a right?

There seems to us to be more sense in Mr. Doolittle's bill than, under the circumstances, there would be in the trial it contemplates.

WHAT "JOE FRY" THINKS.

"Joe Fry" takes us pleasantly to task for our "Saturday Sermon" of some few weeks since. He asks:

> "Now, old fellow, how are you going to accomplish 'the moral elevation of society?' If the working man, whose whole energies are devoted to hard bodily labor for ten hours per day is to be elevated, please inform me by what process you propose to do it. Does a severe and constant tax upon the muscular system tend to mental elevation? Does it tend to soften the heart, to teach us charity toward all men, to give us broader views of our duties as citizens? Now, Sir, I have worked twelve, eighteen, and sometimes twenty-four hours for a day's work. I confess that I prefer ten hours to either, and would prefer eight hours to ten. Not because I am lazy and don't like to work, but because I believe that there is a living principle within me—the soul which animates and inspires this mass of bone and sinew, flesh and blood that I call my body—that it is my first duty to elevate and make and keep pure and unsullied. Now I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth; I expect to work, and work hard, just as long as I am able. But if I can have two more hours per day to devote to my own 'moral elevation,' would I be any thing short of being an idiot did I sit idly by and do nothing toward the attainment of so desirable an end? Nor do I believe that the capitalists need emigrate if they generously concede to us this eight hours of labor for a day's work. Let some one try the experiment, and at the end of three months report how much he has lost by it, working the same number of men at the same work."

Mr. "Joe Fry" ought to remember that the question is not whether it is desirable that overworked men should have more time for mental and physical recreation, but how to get it. It is a question of method, and one of the oldest and most perplexing in the world. Joe would certainly be an idiot if he did not take the same wages for eight hours' work that he does for ten if he found any body who wished to give it. But what would he think of giving ten cents for a loaf of bread instead of six? And yet this is what he expects the capitalist to do. If Joe were a dry-goods dealer would he expect a customer to pay him the same price for four as for five yards of the same piece of cotton goods? Now Joe does not sell cloth, but he does sell labor. Does he suppose eight hours of it will bring the price of ten? Of course if the eight is more effective, that is, if it be worth more, it will bring more. But what would be the result, in Joe's opinion, if the Legislature should fix the price of a six-cent loaf at three cents? If the passage of a law making eight, or six, or four hours a day's work could secure the same wages to the laborer, the same profit to capital, and the same price to the necessaries of life, it would be impossible to resist it. And if Joe can prove that the work of eight hours will be as productive as that of ten, he will be a pioneer in the reform which he desires.

He will not misunderstand us. Our object is the same. The point we discuss is one of method only.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The President has relieved Mississippi of her Provisional Government. Thus Mr. Humphreys becomes the legal Governor of that State, and capable of as independent Executive action as is Governor Fenton of New York. Evidently the President's reason for continuing the Provisional Governors in office until after the meeting of Congress was to make it impossible for members of the lately rebel States to take part in the organization of Congress. We can see in his now relieving these States of their Provisional Governments no attempt to outwit Congress or to anticipate Congressional legislation. For plainly it was the President's design from the first appointment of Provisional Governors that these latter should be displaced by the regularly elected Governors. One of the functions of the Provisional Government was to provide for the regular election in each State. The President did indeed step in to interfere with the immediate instatement in office of the elected Governors; but his object in doing so was to relieve Congress of a serious embarrassment.

CITY NEWS.

On New-Year's Day Mayor Hoffman was installed in office. The Common Council was reorganized by the election of John Brice President of the Aldermanic, and J. W. Green of the Councilmanic, Board. Mayor Hoffman's Message was received by the Common Council. From this Message it appears that our city debt amounts to $41,265,976, of which $9,5[illegible]8,101 is held by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund. The local tax levy for 1865 was over eighteen millions of dollars. The Mayor lays down two principles in his Message:

First—The city should be permitted to choose its own officers, carry on its own government, and manage its own affairs. Its chartered rights should be preserved, its privileges maintained, and never, under any circumstances, should the State Legislature attempt to saddle upon it a commission to govern and control it.

Second—Its Mayor should be clothed with power commensurate with his responsibilities. A concentration of power and of responsibility should be the end and aim of all legislation relating to its government. It is the division of power and the division of responsibility which cause all or nearly all of our municipal evils, and the sooner this great truth is universally recognized and acted upon the better for the common interests of us all.

The last official act of Recorder Hoffman before his assumption of the Mayoralty was the sentencing of Edward Ketchum the forger to imprisonment for four years and a half. In the course of his address to the prisoner he said: "If, sitting here as a judge, I should mitigate your punishment for any of the reasons assigned, or because hearts are aching and fainting, or because of my own personal sympathies with those who mourn for you, I should feel that every sentence I had passed upon a first offender had been a wrong, and that I was indeed a respecter of persons."

NEWS ITEMS.

A large and destructive fire broke out in the railroad depôt at Groton, Connecticut, at half past 1 o'clock on the morning of 29th December, which completely destroyed the depôt, together with a large number of cars and the magnificent Sound steamboat *Commonwealth*, running to and from this city on the Stonington line. The total loss is estimated at a million and a half of dollars, which is partially covered by insurance.

The Hamburg ship *Newton* was wrecked on the night of December 24 on Nantucket, and all the crew perished. One man succeeded in reaching the shore, but soon afterward died from exhaustion and exposure.

Bishop Rosecrans was recently shot in the leg by highwaymen on his way home a short distance out of Cincinnati.

The funeral of Governor Corwin took place at Lebanon, Ohio, on Christmas-day, and was attended by delegates from all parts of the State.

The latest advices from Arizona represent that there is constant fighting between the Apaches and the white settlers.—Twenty-eight soldiers sent out November 1 had not been heard from. The illustration which we give on page 20 indicates, in some measure, the horrors of an Indian fight on the plains.

The negro-haters did their best to get up an insurrection on Christmas-day, but though very free with whisky barrels have nothing worth the while to show for their efforts.

The ladies of Baltimore have been distinguishing themselves by presenting a set of elegant furniture to General Lee.

The University of Georgia, at Athens, has been reopened.

The pirate, Raphael Semmes, has been arrested and conveyed to Washington for trial.

At the close of the year 1864 gold was quoted at 227. December 30, 1865, it was 145.

The steamer *Constitution*, Captain Greenman, from Savannah for New York, struck Cape Lookout shoals on the night of the 25th December, and went to pieces. She had fifty-four persons, all told, on board, including two ladies and one child. The Captain and thirteen men were saved. The steamer is a total wreck.

FOREIGN NEWS.

President Johnson's Message was received with great favor in England. It appears now to be conceded by our English brethren that we are not the most blustering and headstrong nation on the face of the earth.

At a Thanksgiving banquet given by the Americans in Paris General Schofield made a speech, at the close of which he gave the following toast: "The old friendship between France and the United States—may it be strengthened and perpetuated." Frenchmen may gather whatever of comfort they can from that, but they will doubtless understand that certain measures on their part are absolutely essential to the preservation of friendship between the two countries.

Governor Eyre had been suspended from his functions in Jamaica, and Sir Henry Storks temporarily appointed in his place.

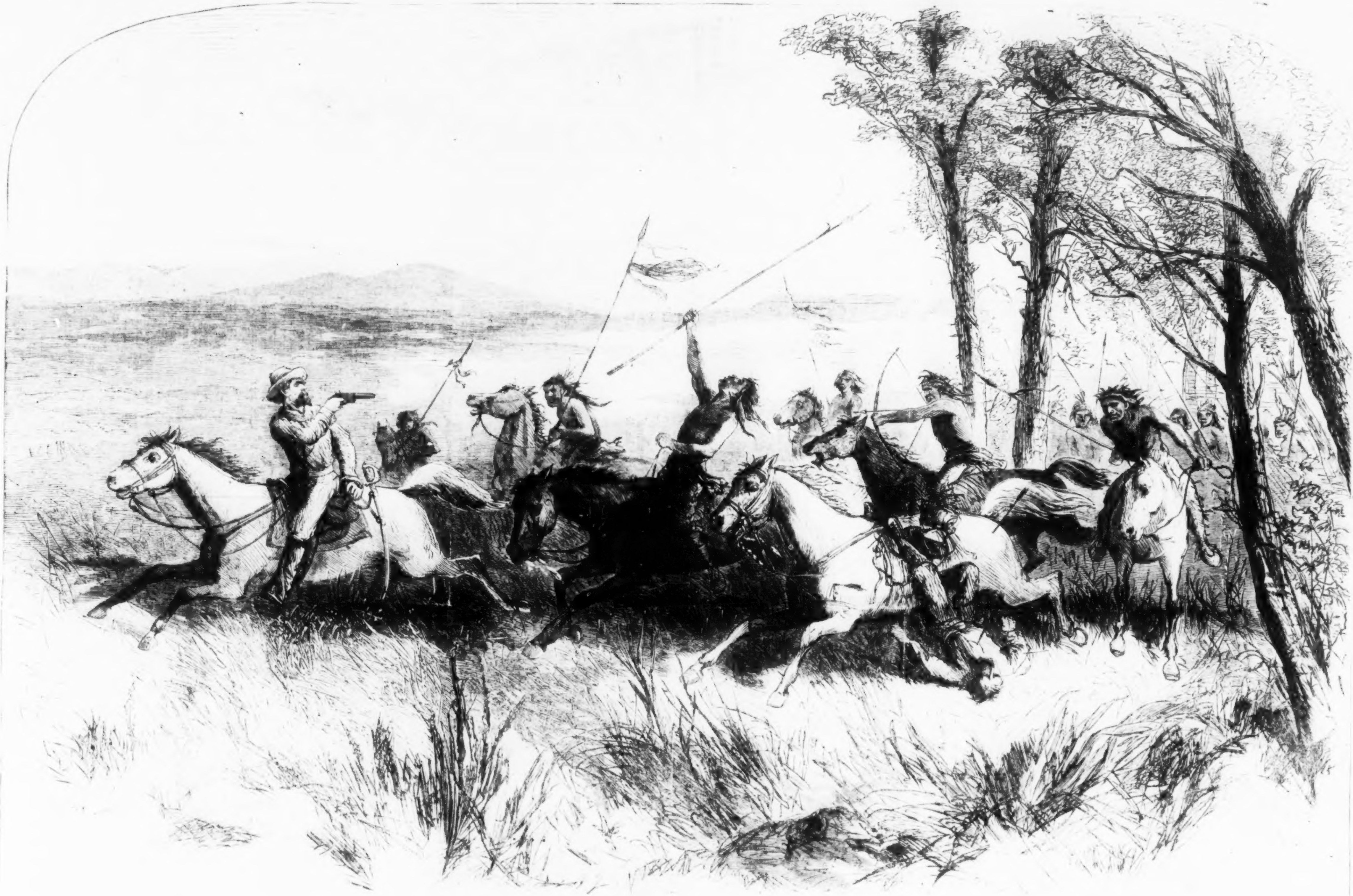
It does not appear that France has united very cordially with England in the remonstrance against Spain in regard to the Chili affair.

The Chilean naval steamer *Esmeralda*, which some time ago escaped to sea from Valparaiso through Admiral Pareja's blockade, and was for a while lost sight of, suddenly made her appearance about forty miles to the northward of that port December 26, attacked the Spanish war steamer *Covadonga*, and, after a brisk fight of half an hour, captured it, with all on board, consisting of over one hundred officers and seamen, four heavy guns, and valuable war munitions and supplies. In the engagement two were killed and fourteen wounded on board the *Covadonga*, and none on the *Esmeralda*.

Leopold, late King of the Belgians, has been succeeded by his son, the Duke of Brabant, styled Leopold II.

The Fenian O'Donovan has been sentenced to penal servitude for life.

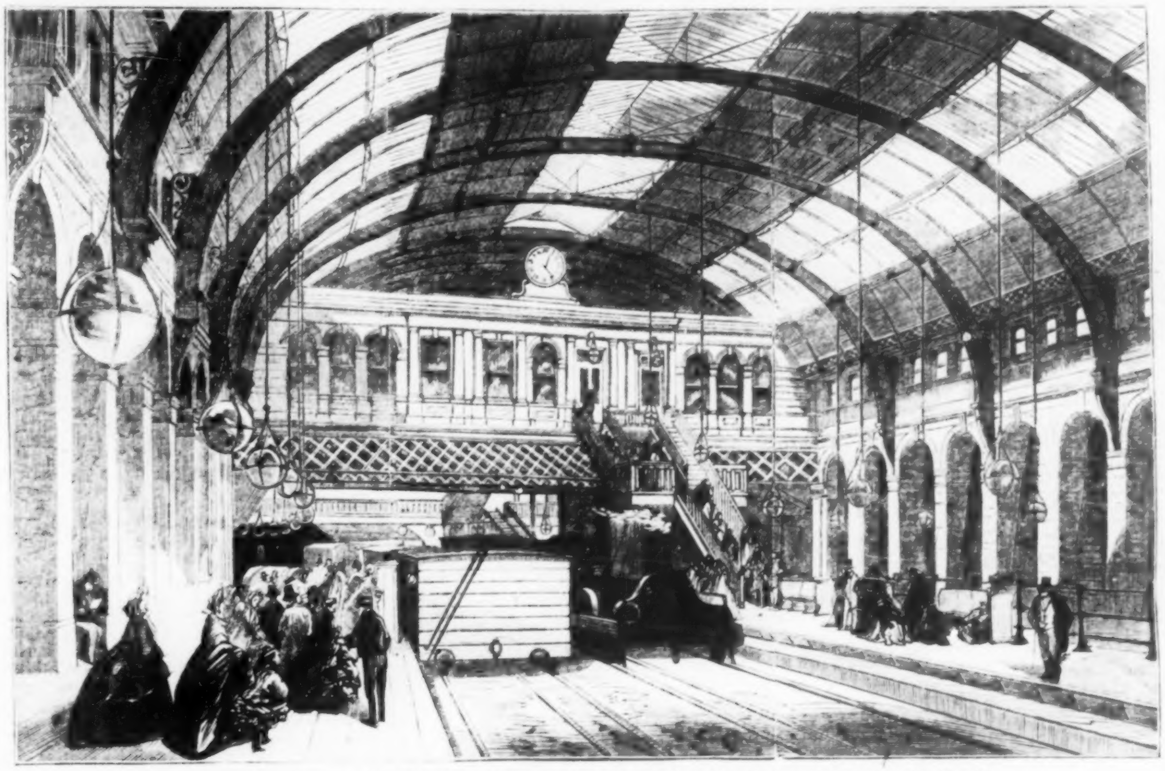
The news from South America, up to December 2, has been received, but contains nothing of great importance. The 2d of December was the fortieth anniversary of the birth of the Emperor Don Pedro. There is no change in the military situation.



MOUNTED MESSENGERS ATTACKED BY INDIANS ON THE PLAINS.—[SKETCHED BY S. B. ENDERTON.]

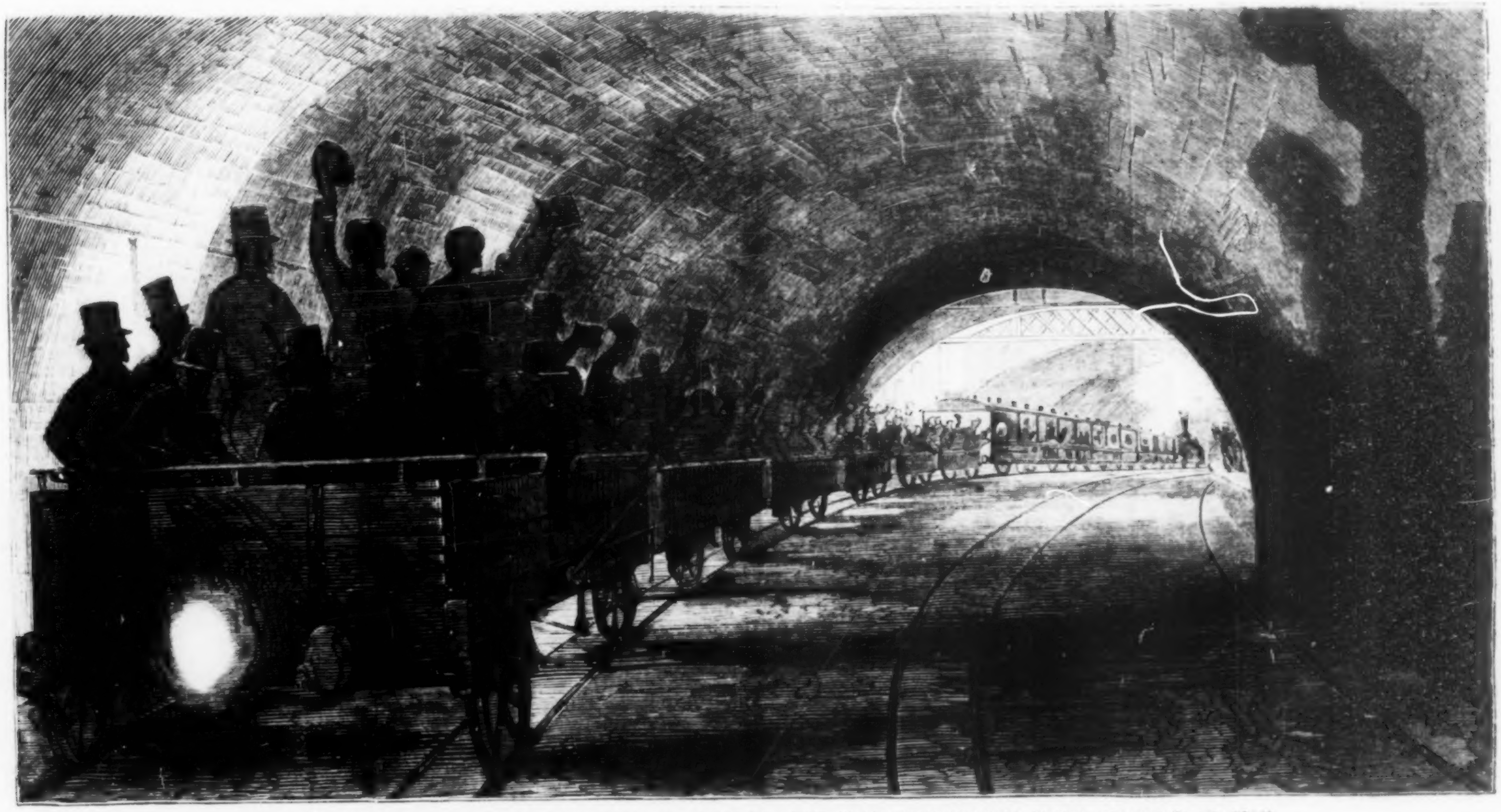
UNDERGROUND RAILROADS.

An underground railroad has become of such obvious necessity in New York city that the presentation of arguments in its favor is utterly needless. From the Battery to Harlem River is a distance of more than eight miles. Whilst trade is concentrated in the lower portion of the city, near the Battery, the people reside mostly in the upper portion; and the tendency toward Harlem River, and even across that river into Westchester County, is so great that the exclusive dependence now placed upon horse-cars and omnibuses involves a fearful waste of time. A journey which must be made twice daily, ought to occupy, and would by steam conveyance occupy only forty minutes, now consumes an hour and a half. The railroads now in use do not begin to satisfy the demand. During the last ten years the number of passengers carried by the city railroads has increased from 19,728,000 to 66,928,750. New railroads are built, but still the cars are ever crowded; and while there is a limit to the number of roads that can be built on our principal avenues, there is none to our rapidly-growing population. As a necessity we shall be compelled to build underground railroads.—These, besides the economy which they realize as regards space and time, will also be free from dust, and afford fewer opportunities for casualties.



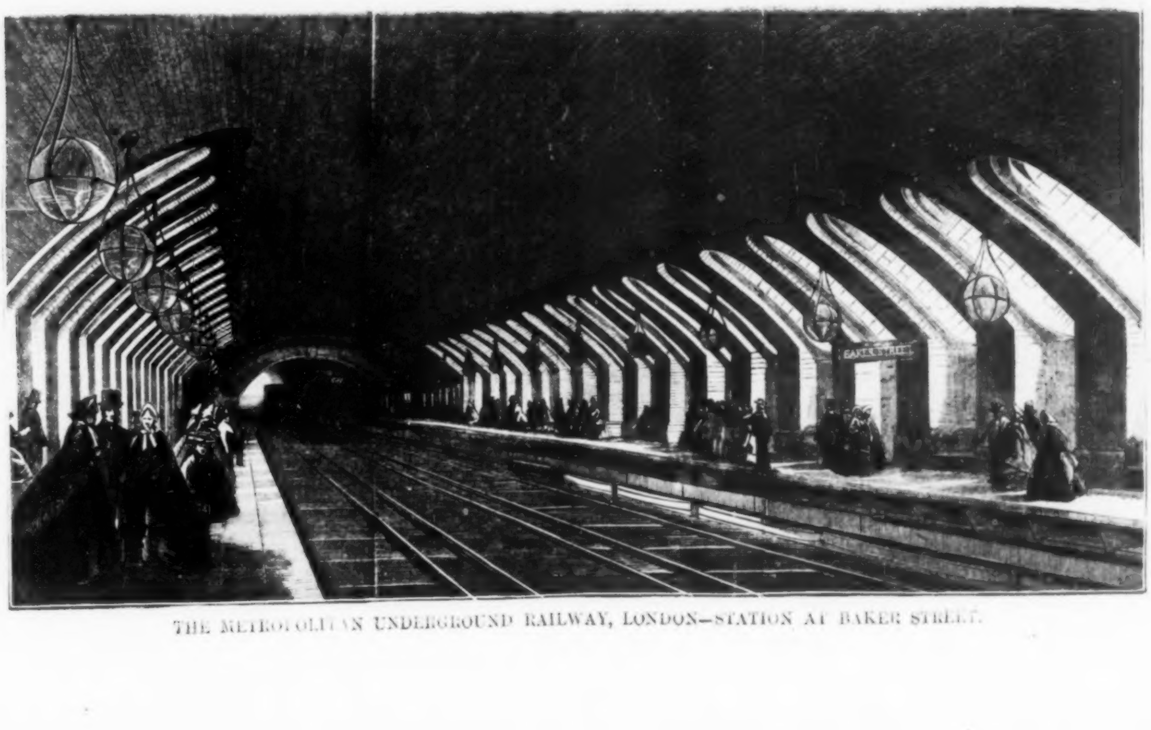
THE METROPOLITAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY, LONDON—STATION AT KING'S CROSS.

A bill for the construction of the Metropolitan or Underground Railroad passed the State Legislature April 27, 1865. It was sent to Governor Fenton on the evening of the same day, and on the 28th the Legislature adjourned. The Governor did not veto the bill, but returned it to the Secretary of State without his signature. He admitted the necessity of an underground railroad, but found two objections to the bill. In the first place, there was no guarantee that the road would be speedily completed; and, secondly, one of its provisions allowed the Company to use at pleasure, temporarily or permanently, any of the public grounds in the city, thus placing even our parks at the mercy of the Company. The justice of these objections has been acknowledged by the corporators of the Company, who bind themselves to abandon the objectionable clauses of the bill. As the Legislature has again assembled, this subject becomes one of instant and pressing importance.



THE METROPOLITAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY, LONDON—THE TRAIN PASSING THE PORTLAND-ROAD STATION.

It is estimated that the cost of the proposed railway from Bowling Green to Central Park will be over eight millions. The route proposed would follow the line of Broadway to Fourteenth St., thence pass under Union Square and Broadway to Twenty-third Street, thence under Madison Square to Fifth Avenue, and under Fifth Avenue to Fifty-ninth Street. Pipes for ventilating the tunnel might above ground serve as lamp-posts. It is proposed to erect stations at intervals of half a mile. The tunnel would be wide enough to give room for two lines of road, and would provide for carrying 51,520 passengers per day, or one-half that number each way.



THE METROPOLITAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY, LONDON—STATION AT BAKER STREET.

The underground railroad has been tried in London with great promise of success. There, as in New York, it was found that the means of conveyance in the metropolis were slower and more liable to obstruction than in the country. It was a work of greater dimensions to get from the Mansion House to Temple Bar than to get to London from a far distant rural station, just as it takes longer to reach the City Hall from Harlem than to reach the same point from a distance of over thirty miles. A scheme was therefore proposed to encircle London with a tunnel which was to be in communication with all the railway termini, thus enabling passengers from any part of the kingdom to reach any quarter of London without traversing the streets. A host of objections were raised, and the scheme was pronounced visionary and impracticable. But the scheme was destined to succeed. The city of London subscribed a million of dollars toward the enterprise. The Western Railway added another million. There were the same engineering difficulties to be overcome there as here, but the thing was accomplished; and the shares of the Company, which at one time were 50 below par, rose to 139. The line was opened for traffic January 10, 1863. The number of passengers carried the first year reached nine and a half millions, and in the year 1864 eleven and three-quarter millions. This year it is estimated that the number will reach fifteen millions. No accident has occurred from the first organization of the road. The carriages are forty feet long, divided into six compartments, and accommodate sixty passengers each. They are lighted by gas through a special arrangement for that purpose.

Two of the illustrations which we print on page 21 represent two stations on this line—one at King's Cross, and the other at Baker Street. Another engraving illustrates the trial trip at the first opening of the line.

JOE DORY.

MISS MALKIN was mistress in her own shop. Mollie was an apprentice in Miss Malkin's shop; moreover, Miss Malkin was a wiry woman of thirty-five, while Mollie was a peach-blossom, brown-eyed, nineteen-years-old child, and of course hadn't so much as the shadow of a ghost of a chance against Miss Malkin. Indeed she had not once opened her lips but sat with her work in her lap looking from the miserable little gilt and crystal box, cause of all this woe, with its scent-bottles and cornelian combs, and David Trueman's compliments, and he had better have kept them to himself, looking from them to Miss Malkin, who, discovering that the New-Year's box was not for her burst out in a fury.

"And I am not angry," cried the lady; "I hope I know my duty too well. No, no, I am not angry; and I despise your low, mean, underhanded ways with David Trueman: but I ain't used to quarreling. I don't know how to quarrel. I am a peace-maker. No more can I live in the house with a quarrelsome person; and so the sooner you can pack up that trunk of yours and get out, why the better for all parties concerned!"

So I say again, that though David Trueman was undoubtedly a fine fellow, and quite in earnest about his compliments, he had better have kept them and his boxes at home; for Mollie had neither father, mother, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, nor cousin, and but one intimate friend in the world, Mrs. Peter Palme, of Twentieth Street—and being set down there, with her trunk, late in the afternoon, and ringing the bell, lo! Mrs. Peter Palme had moved away!

"Oh! what shall I do!" cried Mollie; "and are you quite sure that Mrs. Palme has gone?"

"I am quite sure I live here and no one else," returned the woman, sourly, and slammed the door in Mollie's face.

"Oh, what *shall* I do!" cried out Mollie again; and looking helplessly up the street, saw a gentleman coming from the corner, who eyed the girl and her disconsolate trunk on the sidewalk sharply.

"Mr. Trueman!" ejaculated Mollie.

"Miss Mollie! You here!" exclaimed the gentleman, who had a squeak in his voice, and stopping—"you here, and a trunk! If I may be allowed the expression with a lady, what's up now?"

"Miss Malkin's back," answered Mollie, with a sparkle of fun in her eye, but looking demurely at her trunk.

Providential, was it not? for this was David Trueman, who admired the lovely Mollie, and on the corner was David Trueman's shop, and over the shop was David Trueman's house, and in the house was David Trueman's sister, who would welcome the lovely Mollie; and yet the lovely Mollie would never have followed him, as she did, doubting and disconcerted, could she only have imagined what else she could have done, providing he had not been there to follow.

Now it happened that Miss Malkin, who had slipped on bonnet and shawl, and tripped out after Mollie, following her close, came up in time to behold, with equal wrath and amazement, David Trueman shouldering Mollie's trunk, in his new capacity of light-porter.

Jennie Trueman, David's sister, was fifteen years younger than himself, that is, about Mollie's age, and unlike him, for David was a little, bustling man, with a bald forehead, and a squeak in his voice, while Jennie was buxom and very pretty, in a very black-eyed and high-colored way, and made Mollie so welcome, that when she had laid aside her bonnet, on which was a black ribbon for Joe Dory, the tall young master of the *Steadfast*, and looked about David's comfortable house,

"Come now! If Jennie was only her brother, who knows what might happen, since poor Joe is dead," said Mollie to herself, drumming on the window-pane, and quite unconscious of the start and astonished stare of somebody who happened to look up at her from the opposite side of the way. As if he had heard her thoughts, David joined her at the window.

"A very pretty view, Miss Mollie. Them's good houses over the way, and off there where you see the branches, quite like the country, you see. A first-rate house this is, with all the modern conveniences."

"Yes, I should think so," said Mollie, vaguely, noticing with a slight flutter that David was edging closer to her.

"Furnished throughout from top to bottom complete," pursued David, going on with his inventory. "It never has wanted but one thing, and now that you're in it, it seems to me it don't want nothing."

Mollie was silent. Last New-Year it was Joe that stood beside her.

"I don't want no answer now," continued David. "Of course, you ain't thought of this thing, and you will want some time to consider; but you look so natural and at home here, it seems a pity you should go away again; it really does. You and Jennie would get on like hook and eye; and for Joe, poor fellow! if he could speak, what better could he wish than to see you provided for by a man that is able, and fond of you into the bargain!"

"Dear me!" cried a merry voice in the door, "how dark you are in here! I declare I am really afraid to come into such a pokerish place! Mollie, are you there? Jennie said so, and—Mr. Trueman! dear me! good gracious! well, I never!"

And by this time Mrs. Minnow was fairly in the room. Mrs. Minnow was a pretty little woman, a very pretty little woman, with bright blue eyes that glanced searchingly from David to Mollie, and from Mollie back again, in a way that disconcerted them both exceedingly.

"I am in a desperate hurry," continued Mrs. Minnow, warming a pretty foot at the grate; "but Jennie called out that Grim-Malkin was cutting up again and you was here, and I thought I must run in if only for Joe's sake, you know."

David winced. Why for Joe's sake? Mrs. Minnow was Joe's cousin, but since he was comfortably drowned, and out of the way, what was the use of perpetually fishing him up? Why not let Joe alone, especially since Mollie clouded at once.

"Last New-Year's Eve, at this time, Joe was talking with me," she said, gloomily, sitting down in a chair and showing a disposition to cry.

"Never mind, dear. Let by-gones be by-gones," said Mrs. Minnow, cheerily, and looking with immense satisfaction at Mollie's quivering face. Suppose we talk about New-Year. I have a lot of bows and things to finish, and how to get them together I don't know. I never was tasty. If you could run over for half an hour now. Indeed I was coming to Miss Malkin's after you."

"If she isn't too tired," hinted David, but he had better have held his tongue, for there is generally to be found in a nineteen-year-old the pure essence of contradiction in all its original strength, and David's evident distaste and uneasiness would have sent Mollie further than across the street, where Mrs. Minnow lived up stairs. Mrs. Minnow's husband stood in the door, and "Oh, George!" exclaimed that little woman, springing up the steps, and whispering something in his ear, whereon George vanished to the upper regions, where sounds of skurrying were to be heard as they approached; and opening the door there was baby on the rug whimpering with the air of a baby that has been set down suddenly, and on the opposite side of the room the knob of another door turned softly.

"Cozy here, isn't it?" said Mrs. Minnow, taking up the baby, and looking about her with an air of relief, "and it is all George's doings. There was little besides the four walls when we came; but if I want a dresser, why up a dresser goes. If I take a fancy to shelves, why there's George hammering, and pounding, and cutting, and clipping, and planing, and nailing till the shelves are done. That man just makes it the business of his life to find out what I want, and get it for me," declared the young wife with a delighted face, and sitting down with her baby beside the fire.

Mollie made no answer, but pretended to be busy with the ribbons and laces on the little work-stand. She was not in a talking humor. Something in Mrs. Minnow had strengthened the thought of Joe, and made it a presence; and something in all about her brought the presence closer and closer to her, till she had never once, since the news of the wreck of the *Steadfast*, so rebelled against his death, and battled so for the belief that he was yet alive. The work dropped out of her hands, for it was dark without, and there was no light in the room except that of the fire by which Mrs. Minnow hushed her baby and sang:

"I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfu' by the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, I couldna think it he,
Till he said—"

"Stop!" burst out Mollie, with a sudden passion of sobs. Stop, I can't bear it. If I had been in her place I should have gone mad. How can you sing that before me, Maria, and Joe only a year dead."

"Why, there's nothing about Joe in it," said Mrs. Minnow, stopping her rocking-chair in surprise.

"But it's like him."

"And for that matter," continued Mrs. Minnow, with a curious twitching of the mouth, "it is all very well to mourn for Joe; but, after all, Joe's dead and done with this world, and you are alive and unprovided for, and if Mr. Trueman is getting in years and bald, why you will have twice what I have, Mollie, and all matches can't be love matches like George's and mine; and for his squeaking and pottering about you will get used to that, and in my opinion it is just about the very best thing you can do for yourself."

"It ain't in mine, then," cried out Mollie, starting up and pushing back her chair; "and I am ashamed of you, Maria Minnow, as good as Joe always was to you, and you forgetting him as fast as you can! Every body has forgotten him but me—every body!" sobbing; "but I won't, never! never! Finish your things yourself. I don't want to do well for myself, and I won't stay here another minute."

Up jumps Mrs. Minnow as the door shut vigorously, and, swinging that luckless baby around, cried Hurrah! thereby waking it out of a sound sleep, whereupon it squalled vigorously, and served her right, I say! and then running to the window to peep after the retreating Mollie, "Was there ever such a dear little goose!" said this inexplicable Mrs. Minnow.

Mollie went back to David Trueman's house even more soberly than she left it, and if there had been any spell in the shelter and security offered the lonely, homeless girl, in the abundance of his home, it was off now, as David was quite shrewd enough to see.

"Confound that meddling woman!" said David, wrathfully in his heart, but wisely left Mollie to herself, and went below with Jennie to brew the punch, with which to see the Old Year out and the New Year in. Meanwhile Mollie turned down the gas, because of her headache, and, sitting there in the dark, resolved to give David his answer. Even as she resolved the door opened.

"Mr. Trueman," commenced Mollie in a trembling voice. "I have made up my mind about—about what we were speaking of."

"Well." David's voice sounded strangely—choked, and hardly above a whisper.

"And I think I ought to tell you at once," pursued Mollie, hesitatingly, "for fear you might deceive yourself; for, when we stood there by the window, I was not sure of myself, and I think you knew it! for I was saying to myself how bleak and bitter it looked outside, and how snug and safe this looked, and that I must choose between them! But I have been thinking since then of Joe"—and here her voice sank and took a new touch of tenderness; "and, Mr. Trueman, no doubt he is dead, but he is not dead to me—not dead to me! and if I sat here as your wife, and there should come a strange step on the stair, and a quick knock at the door, my heart would come up with a jump, and I should say to myself, all in a tremble, perhaps that is Joe; or if we were chatting by the fire, and the storm beat hard against the windows, I might smile at you, but I should be shrinking and praying, as I have done on many a stormy night before, for Joe."

"Oh, God bless you!" and the deep voice that broke in on hers was never David Trueman's. Mollie sprang up and screamed shrilly,

"Jennie! Mr. Trueman! Jennie! quick! I'm going out of my head! Jennie!" all the time trying to light the gas, which, flaring up at last, showed David hurrying up, with his sister close behind him, and, oddly enough, Mr. and Mrs. Minnow following her, and Mollie, pale and dumb, with eyes staring wildly at a tall, blue-eyed, well-looking young fellow, who, if he was a ghost, was of the brownest and in the best condition ever seen.

"Joe Dory!" cried out David, loudly, and "Joe Dory!" echoed Jennie, and "Joe Dory, sure enough!" piped Mrs. Minnow, making a rush from behind her husband toward Mollie; "and to think that he—no, that isn't it! stop now—let me begin at the beginning! and, in the first place, Joe isn't dead. It was the wrong man, or the wrong ship, or something, and coming home after a hard voyage think what a start he got when passing here, he saw Mollie at the window as if she were quite at home. Off he flies to Grim-Malkin's to hear the news, and says Grim, says she, 'I have a feeling heart, Mr. Dory, and can't bear to distress you; but if the truth must be told, Mollie's quit this very day, only because I said to her she was going on shameful, and you only dead a year, and nothing certain; and I heard from one that saw her that's she gone to David Trueman's, and after that I suppose you know as well as I do what will come next;' and this wise Joe, being a man, is stupid of course, and swallows it all, and back he posts to me, and then I come over to see how the land lay," looking wickedly at David; "and thinks to me, I'll get her over and bring her out; and I had very nearly brought myself out too! such work as I had to get Joe out of your way, my dear! and I brought you out, and you come out, didn't you?" said Mrs. Minnow, laughing heartily and whirling the bewildered Mollie round and round. "and Joe there all the time on the other side of the door and heard every word you said! and then he insisted on coming over tonight like a ghost, instead of coming to-morrow like a decent Christian caller, and so here he is."

One, two, three, four—the clock striking twelve.

"The punch," cried Jennie.

"The New-Year," said Joe softly, drawing Mollie a little aside, "and a New-Year for us indeed, my love!"

"But since he was to come back, why the deuce couldn't he have come before I made a fool of myself?" growled David Trueman, to the bottom of his glass.

UNCLE JACOB'S WIFE.

WE were sitting round the breakfast-table, my father, mother, brother Tom, two sisters, and myself, one winter's morning, when the letters came in, nearly an hour late.

"Postman says, Sir, that the roads are frozen so slippery that he had to leave his horse at a farm-house and walk over with the bag," said James, apologetically, as he laid the letters by my father's plate.

"There's always something wrong," said my father, with a shrug, "when I am expecting important letters."

"Read that from Jacob," said my mother, pointing to one.

"How do you know it's from Jacob?" asked my father, always a little jealous if he thought his letters were in any way scrutinized, even to the reading of a post-mark.

"I see his writing across the table," said my mother, meekly. Here she touched another weak point of my father's; he was the slightest bit envious of her better sight.

"It will wait," he said, and chipped at his egg. But the touch of spleen was but momentary, and he presently broke Uncle Jacob's red seal.

"He is coming here," he said, without looking up.

"He will be welcome," said my mother, and my father read on. He always read straight through a letter before enlightening us. Suddenly his face changed. He turned pale, absolutely white, he whose complexion was like that of one of his own ruddy apples; his hand shook, too, and he threw down the letter.

"What is it? Is he dead?" asked my mother in her fright, forgetting that she was looking at his writing.

"Worse than dead!" said my father.

"What has he done?" we three girls exclaimed in a breath. "Is it very bad?" for my father's face was a picture.

"Pshaw!" said my father, and his color came back as he spoke; "he's going to be married."

"Married!"

"Married!"

"Married!" We all pronounced the dreadful word, and then there was silence, and we thought much and said little. The matter, in fact, was beyond speech.

"There go your fortunes, girls!" said Tom, breaking silence, with a look that reminded me of his old mischievous school-boy days.

"Hold your tongue, Sir!" thundered my father.

"I must say I think it inconsiderate of Jacob, highly inconsiderate," said my mother, but something in her voice pleaded for Uncle Jacob as she spoke; she was such an unreasoning sort of woman, my mother, in her habit of leaning to mercy's side.

"Inconsiderate? Disgraceful!" said my father.

"Yes, my dear Charles, very disgraceful," said my mother; but I caught the same tone of appeal in her voice.

"Shameful! Ridiculous! Unheard of?" My father was given to the piling of epithets. "Pitiable in a man of his age!"

"He is old to marry," said my mother.

"Old! Only think of it. I am sixty-seven, and he is not two years younger."

"I suppose he was very lonely."

"Why could he not have come here, then?"

"His business, my dear," said my mother. "I suppose he can not leave his office in town for long."

"Why not have asked one of the girls to go and live with him? if he was lonely. Lonely! nonsense! The man has no more feeling of loneliness or any thing else than a dried stick. Lonely!"

"It seems a pity," said the gentle voice of the gentlest of all gentlewomen.

"You don't appreciate the case at all, Mary! The old goose! So, nothing but marrying will serve his turn—and all out of spite too! Well, he is bringing a fine lot of cares on his shoulders, and so he'll find. There's an end to his quiet life now. The trouble of a wife—" Here my father checked himself, seeing something perhaps in my mother's face.

"No, Mary, I didn't mean that! You know I did not. You and I have pulled together without a rub for five-and-thirty years. Why, Polly, what are you thinking of?" She did not speak, but I always thought my mother's smile was better than words. I am sure my father thought so too. Her smile was known to us all to be the sunlight under which the sour parts of his nature ripened to sweet.

"I wonder what she is like!" queried Tom, unluckily giving utterance to the thought that was seething in our girlish minds.

"Stuff, Sir! What does it matter!" said my father, effervescing again. "A designing woman, no doubt: designing women are all alike."

Now Uncle Jacob had never spoken a word of leaving us sixpence, but we built our hopes on the circumstances of the case, and very reasonably so, I think. He had not a single relation in the world outside our house. He had always been kind to us in his way, paying Tom's school-bills, and sending my mother presents of the quaintest ornaments that could well be seen. He was really fond of her, in his undemonstrative way, and had told my father confidentially several times that she was an "excellent woman." On one occasion, too, my father had been lamenting in his presence that we girls could have no fortunes.

"Tom must have the farm, of course, and then if he marries?" my father had said; and Uncle Jacob had said: "Don't fret yourself about their fortunes."

There was no promise in the words certainly—that is, no promise expressed—but did not an implied one lurk there so slightly hidden as to be seen? We thought so, and rejoiced and made merry over it, and made sure of our fortunes from that day forward.

Before a week passed my father had another letter from Uncle Jacob, naming the wedding-day, but not asking any of us to be present.

"Although he invites himself here, in the coolest manner possible, the fortnight after," said my father.

"I would fill the house, Sir, ask the Jenkinsons and young Clive here, and tell him there wasn't room," was Tom's sapient rejoinder.

"And make his wife an enemy for life," said Jane.

My father shortly enjoined Tom to keep his ideas to himself: so he had evidently decided to receive the visit.

The wedding-day passed, and the fortnight's honey-moon passed, and the bride and groom were to be with us next day (roads permitting). It really was pleasant, their coming so soon, for our curiosity had been raised to the highest pitch, and had as yet had nothing to allay it—not a single particular as to the young lady's age, looks, manners, accomplishments, nay, nor even her name. My mother had thought to write to Uncle Jacob, asking a few questions as to these matters, "to show just a little kindly interest," she said, but had not done it, my father having looked things unutterable at the bare idea.

My mother, in her motherly heart, began to pity the bride, as the hour came for the carriage to be heard crunching the frost up the drive.

"She is sure to be nervous, poor thing. Mind you meet her kindly, girls. It is not her fault about the fortune, poor thing; I dare say she knows nothing about it."

In one of my mother's pauses came the sound of wheels, and we went in a body to the hall—all of us except my father, who kept out of the way, wishing to meet the happy pair privately. Nearer and nearer came the carriage-wheels, and we opened the hall-door, and stood just inside in the biting cold air, as the green carriage, bay horses, and yellow post-boy came to the steps. She was tall—the bride—inches taller than Uncle Jacob, tall and slight, and dressed in dark rich colors, but with so thick a veil down that we could not even make a guess at her face, not even when she kissed us, for she only raised the corner, and let it down again. She was timid, no doubt, as my mother had said.

"Come in, dear aunt, by the fire."

"You must both be half frozen."

"You are an hour later than we hoped you would be."

"Dear Uncle Jacob, let Tom take your coat." Civil things we said of that sort, and finally marshaled our dear relatives to the fireside in the morning-room.

"Stir the fire well in Mrs. Jacob's bedroom before she goes up stairs," said my mother to the maid as she left the room, "and take up the spiced negus when I ring. It is a great preservative from cold, negus as we make it," said my mother, turning to our aunt in an explanatory manner.

"Thank you," said the veiled lady. Uncle Jacob in the mean time had taken the poker in hand, and was "mending the fire," as he called it, to such purpose that his yellow-brown face became suffused with ardent crimson, and we kept moving our chairs backward half a foot at a time.

"Yes," he said, replying to my mother, "it was" (poke), "it was cold" (poke). "The roads were" (scrape of the lower bar) "like glass" (crash of the upper crust), "and we crept along slowly."

"Will she never lift her veil?" pondered I, and caught myself wandering off into musings about the mythical "Pig-faced Lady," and her rich veil, never drawn aside for human eyes to gaze behind. What if my uncle had been tempted by visions of enormous wealth to marry—a what? Before I had decided as to the sort of ugliness my aunt raised her veil, and I came back to everyday life.

She raised her veil, and we all looked at her. Nettie made some excuse and fled from the room, but I could hear her laughter at the end of the hall.

I think even my mother was startled at the swarthy, gaunt face revealed. It was a Scotch face evidently, for the salient points of Scotch physiognomy were almost caricatured, they were so strongly pronounced. The high cheek-bones might have belonged to a Tartar.

"Are you warm enough to go up stairs?" my mother asked her, with a tremor of surprise in her gentle tones.

"You must speak out to her," said Uncle Jacob, with a curious quiver in the corner of his mouth.

"Out?" my mother asked.

"Yes, loud," and again the quiver. "Janet!" and he moved closer to his wife. "Mary wants to know if you are ready to go up stairs!" He spoke in loudest tones.

"What?" she said, turning an ear as deaf as Dame Eleanor Spearing's. "Up stairs?"

"Yes. Will you go and take your things off?"

"Yes. I am ready, quite ready, thank you," and she turned to my mother and rose from her seat.

"Ring for the negus," my mother bade me. "Janet, let me carry your cloak," she said, in a desperate voice, but Aunt Janet was evidently dubious of her meaning till my mother had taken possession of that article.

"Uncle," said Tom, "I'll show you your dressing-room."

"What on earth can he have done it for?" whispered Tom as he passed me.

Jane and I were left together, and Nettie came back when she heard them pass up stairs.

"Oh, Nettie, why did you laugh in the hall?" I asked.

"She wouldn't hear it," said Nettie, "and you know Uncle Jacob's always a little deaf."

"You will be getting us into a scrape, indeed, if you don't take care."

"Not I. Oh, what a bride!"

"She is an odd-looking creature," said Jane.

"Fifty at least."

"We shall be as hoarse as rooks with shouting to her, if they stay for a week," said Jane.

"What a sight the courtship must have been! Poor Uncle Jacob must have made love under difficulties indeed; the whole neighborhood must have been as wise as himself. How ever could he have managed it!" and Nettie burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which we both joined. In the height of our merriment Aunt Janet entered the room. It was well she was so deaf, or she might have heard what would have vexed her.

My father explained the cause of my uncle's marriage to us in the evening after our guests had retired.

"She was Samuel Marten's only child," he began.

"His partner's?" said my mother.

"Yes. When he told me that much I saw daylight at once. Old Marten died in India over a year ago, and she came home."

"That makes her so brown," said Nettie. "I thought she had an Indian sort of look."

"Her fortune, of course, is very large, and not knowing into what hands she might fall, he thought it would be well to marry her; and she, as a woman of sense, saw the wisdom of the step. Jacob has acted a very sensible part, so now all that remains is for us to be civil to her; she deserves it."

"Did he say any thing about her deafness, papa?"

"No, child. Why should he?"

"Did you?"

"Nonsense! What does it signify? He'll only lead the quieter life for it. A wife's tongue— Now, Mary," said he, looking at my mother—"now, Mary, you know what I mean."

"I was not saying any thing, dear," said my mother. She led my father in a chain of silk that was as strong as iron.

After a day or two Aunt Janet took up the habit of coming to the morning-room directly after breakfast, and spending the whole forenoon there. At first we were rather a silent party after she appeared. No matter how deaf your companion is, it is generally some time before you can cast off the mistaken idea that half of what you say is heard; and Aunt Janet had such a sharp sort of look about her—unlike the patient, waiting look that deaf people usually acquire—that we were absurdly silent in her presence for a while.

Nettie broke the ice first, and made some remarks as to Aunt Janet's personal appearance; but when I started, and looked at the poor lady's face, it was evident that all sounds fell idly alike on those dead ears of hers. "Do you know I like her," said Nettie, abruptly, one morning, when my mother was urging us to be more attentive. "Of course she's the greatest old fright that ever was seen; but she is kindly and good-hearted, I am sure."

My mother looked pained. "Nettie, don't speak of your aunt so. Never mind her looks; she can not help them."

"I suppose she can not, mamma, and yet a sort of instinct makes me blame people for being ugly."

"It isn't her face I mind," said Jane, who had taken a strong dislike to our aunt; "but her voice is dreadful. Her voice is like the tearing of calico, and sets my very teeth on edge." Our aunt was sitting knitting quietly by the fire all this time.

"She can not help her voice," said my mother. "You should try and look at people's pleasant side, Jane."

"I don't think she has a pleasant side."

My mother made no answer, but turned and shouted a little of the morning news from the paper to amuse our aunt. Presently Tom entered.

"Nettie, look here; there is a great hole in my pocket. Will you sew it up for me?"

"Yes, only come closer. Now stand still—do stand still, Tom, dear—I am pricking my finger."

"How long is she going to stay?" asked Tom.

"As long as she pleases," my mother replied.

"How on earth do you manage to amuse such a living statue? I would not be one of you girls, shut up in a room with her morning after morning, for something. She would mesmerize me."

"You pain me, Tom, when you speak so. There is nothing attractive about your aunt; but I am sure she is a very worthy person, and deserving of your respect," said my mother.

"What! for booking the old gentleman?"

"Tom," said Nettie, "do you think that is Aunt Janet's hair, or a wig (in a confidential tone)?"

"A wig, to be sure," said Tom, determinedly.

"I can not bear it, Tom," said my mother; "you must really go out of the room. Come, Nettie, and show your aunt some of your water-colors. I dare say she likes looking at drawings."

"She looks like a judge," said sarcastic Jane.

Nettie went to the piano after a while and sang a ballad or two of Balfe's and Lindley's, sliding out of them into some Scotch airs, which she sang uncommonly well. I was watching Aunt Janet's uninterested face as Nettie sang, and thinking, with some pity, how great a privation hers was, when Nettie struck the first bar of "Ye Banks and Braes," and a change swept across the immobile face for an instant, as if she heard—at least, I mean that for a second I fancied so, for as I looked the face was dull-deaf as ever.

"Poor thing!" said my mother, "how I wish she could hear those sweet Scotch airs!"

"I should not think it would make much difference to her," said Jane. "I don't suppose she is inclined to be romantic."

Two or three days afterward my father came into the morning-room just before lunch, and, seeing Aunt Janet, was about to withdraw. "I wanted to tell you—" he said to my mother.

"Tell me what, dear?"

"Nothing—but that Jacob told me they are going on Thursday. He is getting fidgety at being away from the office so long."

"Janet spoke about going to me this morning."

"Well, I hope you have kept her amused. She must be conciliated at any cost. We must have them again soon, though I hate the sight of her. I really can not enjoy my dinner in the least, shouting out as I must between every mouthful. But it can not be helped."

"I like her," said my mother; "she is quiet and sensible," as my father moved back out of the doorway.

Thursday morning came, and our guests were to leave us. Uncle Jacob was particularly kind in his manner to us all, telling Nettie and me that we must come and pay our aunt a visit in town after they moved into their new house.

"You shall see all that is to be seen, as your aunt means to keep a carriage," he said, kindly, and we thanked him, as in duty bound, but I don't think we either of us felt inclined to venture on our new aunt's hospitality.

We all went up stairs with Aunt Janet to help her to dress herself in her wraps and furs. When she was dressed she sent the maid out of the room, observing to my mother as she did so that she never gave visitor's money to servants.

"Nor to any body she can help," said Jane.

"There you mistake me," said our aunt, turning round sharply on the unlucky Jane in an instant. "I act from principle in not giving to servants, not from greed."

"How ever did she hear me?" gasped Jane, in a lower tone, to me.

"As I hear other people," said my aunt, quietly. "Good-by, dear Mary" (and she turned to kiss my mother). "You have been very kind to me. I never expected you to think me a beauty, you know; you gave me credit for being 'kind-hearted and sensible'—I think that was it—and that is all I want from you. Believe me, I think all the better of you for having lived with you for three weeks in the palace of Truth."

"Why, Janet! then you're not deaf after all?"

But what she answered, or what my mother said after that, I don't know, for we beat a hasty retreat from the room. We could not even bring ourselves to go down and say good-by when we heard my father and Tom shouting last words at the carriage-door. I do not think we broke silence for some minutes, till Nettie said: "We have done it now! How she must hate us!"

"For what?" asked Tom, suddenly appearing. And then we told him all.

"You don't mean it!" And then he gave vent to his feelings in the longest of whistles.

What my father said on the subject we never knew, nor, indeed, guessed—for his face was a sealed book when he so pleased it—but no doubt his heart condemned him sufficiently.

"It was the meanest trick!" said Jane. "Impossible to defend ourselves against such low cunning."

"No, my dear, you might easily have been safe. I don't think it was quite fair of your aunt, though, and I shall write and tell her so."

A few days brought Aunt Janet's letter. "You must forgive me, Mary," she said. "I allow I was wrong—very wrong, if you will; but when you understand all, *you* will allow that my temptation was strong to see you all as you are. Some day I will tell you the story of my father's second wife, who happily died before him, and you will see that my dread of designing people is a natural one, after what I have suffered. Come up to town and see me, Mary, and let us talk it all over till you forgive me."

"You have saved us, mother, I do believe," said Tom. "She likes you well enough to smile on us all for your sake."

A letter came from Uncle Jacob next. "Bring the girls with you when you come, Mary," he said. "Don't let them be vexed with their aunt for her whimsies—she has taken a fancy to your Nettie."

"Nettie's naughtiness serves her as well as most people's goodness," said Tom. "Mother, look at your letter again and see if there isn't an invitation for me."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NEW YORK enjoyed a sprinkling of fine days during the Christmas holidays. But there was an unwelcome episode of "misty, murky weather, drizzling wind and rain together." Broadway became nearly impassable. Between the muddy, slippery pavement and the thronging crowd it was almost as much as one's life was worth to attempt to cross the street. The poor horses had a fearful time in the ceaseless effort to gain a footing on the slimy, glassy surface of our principal thoroughfare; and many nerves were shocked at the sight of a prostrate animal, struggling in his harness, bruised and maimed. The recent "thaw," though not desirable for healthfulness, has certainly afforded one more favorable opportunity to remove from our streets the accumulated filth, which, again frozen up, will securely retain until next spring the seeds of malaria and death. *Then* the consequences of uncleansed thoroughfares will be apparent to the most obtuse.

Gentle reader, did ever you, with curious eye, watch the street-sweepers as they perform their work? *Never had a chance?* That is not strange, to be sure, chances are rare; but here is one—look! the sweepers with slow and measured steps are marching this way. One, two, three—fourteen in all, and every one armed with broom or hoe. Never mind that couple on the sidewalk, apparently in an angry discussion; nor those others standing with idly-poised weapons, but watch these four who are concentrating their energies upon a spot just in front of us. Two brooms and two hoes. Broom No. 1 makes an undefined sweep among the dirt. Broom No. 2 makes another in the opposite direction, whereby the dirt of No. 1, with additions, is carried to its original resting-place. Broom No. 1 repeats its former flourish. Broom No. 2 *ditto*. Hoe No. 1 now comes in between the brooms and draws as much rubbish as it can back over the spot that is being swept (!). Hoe No. 2 next tosses a quantity of mud from the gutter, at random, toward the brooms. This process goes on. Sometimes the men look at what they are doing, but more often they don't. It makes little difference. At length three shoulder their implements and march on. The fourth succeeds in collecting a little pile of dirt, which a girl of ten years old, with one broom, could have got together in two minutes. On they go. The middle of the street is not touched, only a little strip, a few feet from the gutter, is slightly *damaged*. This is the way Forty-Seventh Street was swept not long ago. If street-sweepers don't know that a *broom* is not a *mop* there should be a class in object teaching for their special benefit, and they informed that there is a distinction between the movements appropriate to these two implements.

It is a fact of practical utility that impure water is regarded as even more injurious to the health than impure air. If a pitcher of iced water be placed in a room in a few hours it will have absorbed nearly all the respired and perspired gases of the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. This depends on the fact that water has the faculty of condensing, and thereby absorbing all the gases, which it does without increasing its own bulk. The colder the water is, the greater its capacity to contain these gases. Hence water kept in a room a while is always unfit for use, and should be often renewed whether it becomes warm or not. That which has stood overnight is not fit for coffee water in the morning.

What next? A bold rogue in Bangor, Maine, snatched a pair of gold spectacles from the nose of a citizen, not long since, and made off with them.

An exchange gives the following rules of Church Etiquette, for the special benefit of those who are so fashionable as to make their appearance long after the services have commenced:

> Let the lady advance one pace beyond the door of the pew she wishes to enter, halt, about face, and salute. The pew must then be vacated by such gentlemen as are in it, by flank movement. The squad should rise simultaneously when the lady presents herself, and face by the right flank, then deploy into the aisle, the head man facing the lady, and the rest walking to his right and rear, the direction of the line being changed by a right countermarch, and forming again into line, up and down the aisle, still faced by the right flank. The lady, when she sees that the coast is clear, completes her salute, and advances to her position in the pew. The gentlemen break off by files from the rear and resume their places. Great care should be taken, of course, by other parties, not to enter the aisle when this evolution is in progress, until it is completed.

The sugar wedding—thirty days after marriage—is the newest thing.

Not long since a telegram was sent by a gentleman in Boston to a resident of this city. On the following morning the gentleman himself arrived here, having taken the night train. About *three hours* after his arrival the telegram, sent the previous day, was delivered. It proved, on inquiry, that, through some mistake at the Boston office, the wrong *street* had been given in the address, though it was correct in other respects. The messenger—a young boy—ascertained that there was a mistake the evening previous—kept the telegram overnight, returned to the New York office next morning, and, after having it corrected, delivered it.

A gentleman of this city, not receiving a telegram one evening which he had expected, and which related to business of importance in Albany, left the city next morning on that account. About half an hour after his departure the telegram arrived. On investigation it was ascertained that the boy—a mere child—had come to the basement door of the house the evening before—rung once, but not receiving an answer, concluded it was rather late, and that he would keep the telegram safely until the next morning! which he did.

A telegraphic message is ordinarily of as *much* importance, to say the least, as a letter. Great care is taken that the city postmen should be careful, discreet, and capable men. Why, then, should the delivery of telegrams be committed to young boys, who have not the good sense or thoughtfulness to consult a Directory, or ring a door-bell a second time?

The London *Star* gives a pleasant anecdote of the late J. F. Herring, the animal painter:

> Some years ago he painted a small picture and received a check in payment. The check was written on a slip of paper, "Pay Mr. J. F. Herring," and duly signed, but without the insertion of the words "bearer" or to "order," and the clerk of the Union Bank looked very doubtfully, first at the bill and then at the person presenting it. The artist noticed this, and demanded what was wrong. The clerk explained.
>
> "Don't you see it's payable to J. F. Herring?"
>
> "I do," said the clerk.
>
> "Well, I am he."
>
> "How do I know that?" said the clerk.
>
> "Do you know what J. F. Herring is?"
>
> "Rather," said the clerk. "I've got the 'Three Members of the Temperance Society' at home."
>
> Herring was delighted. He seized a pen, and on a sheet of blotting-paper lying on the counter dashed off a sketch of some horses' heads.
>
> "What do you think of that?" said he, handing it across."
>
> The clerk paid him at once.

Fodder seems to be scarce in some parts of the country. A Maine paper states that a cow in that vicinity recently undertook to eat a cast-off hoop skirt. She managed to swallow a piece of the steel spring, but not being able to digest it, it worked through her stomach and penetrated her heart, soon causing death. The ladies should be careful how they shed their skirts about so promiscuously.

In a recent lecture on "Ireland and the Irish" it was said, and with some truth, that the Irishman takes the world more easily than his neighbors; he thinks it is a very good world, for it is the best that ever he lived in! If you talk to him about the dilapidated condition of the house, and the pig in the corner, he says, "Sure I can't bother about it. As for the hole in the roof, when the sun shines it doesn't need to be mended, and when it rains sure I can't do it. And as for the pig, hasn't the house every convanience that a pig could require?"

In that wretched pen at Andersonville the Irish soldier turned the laugh against every recurring misery; and at Petersburg, when the big cannon-balls were howling about the men's heads, it was an Irishman who exclaimed, "And sure them's the fellers to soften the wax in a man's ears!"

The Irish have always been noted for their original and characteristic way of saying things. Thackeray tells of an Irish woman begging alms of him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessings of God follow you all your life"—but when he only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added—"and never overtake ye!"

A nobleman said to an Irish gentleman, "We have had a delightful rain: it will bring every thing out of the earth." "God forbid, your Lordship; I've three wives under it," was the reply."

An American lady went to London a while ago, and applied to a certain renowned Madame Rachel to obliterate all the marks left on her face by the small-pox. She paid in advance some fifty pounds, and received in return a bottle of "whitewash" and some "Arabian" baths, which produced no effect. Not satisfied with the result she applied to the Police Court for redress; but at the last accounts her troubles were not ended, since Madame Rachel refused to return the money, and had not succeeded in beautifying the lady.

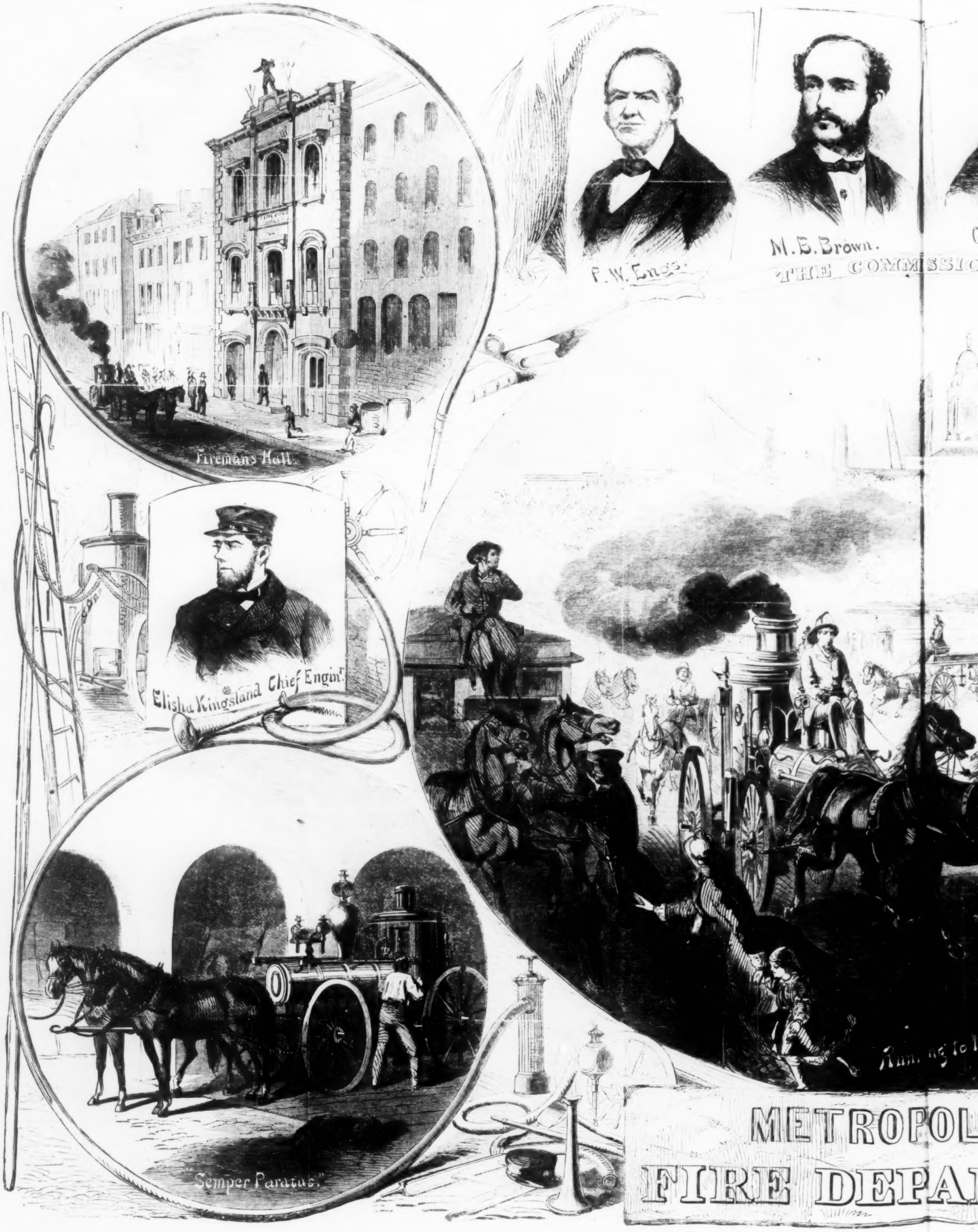
Every week appears to bring with it a new form of jacket, and so convenient are jackets found to be that many ladies adopt them in preference to bodices to their dresses. This plan is found to be very economical, as a maid, with one good pattern, can make shirts; consequently, the more costly dress-maker can be dispensed with, and it is so easy to buy two or three ready-made jackets which fit admirably. The plush-cloth, already adopted in the summer, and the patent velvet are used for indoors, while seal-skin and otter are fashionable out of doors. Very comfortable paletôts for indoor wear are made of scarlet, blue, and violet cashmere, bordered with either blue fox or chinchilla. White jackets are always ornamented with black cord and jet tassels.

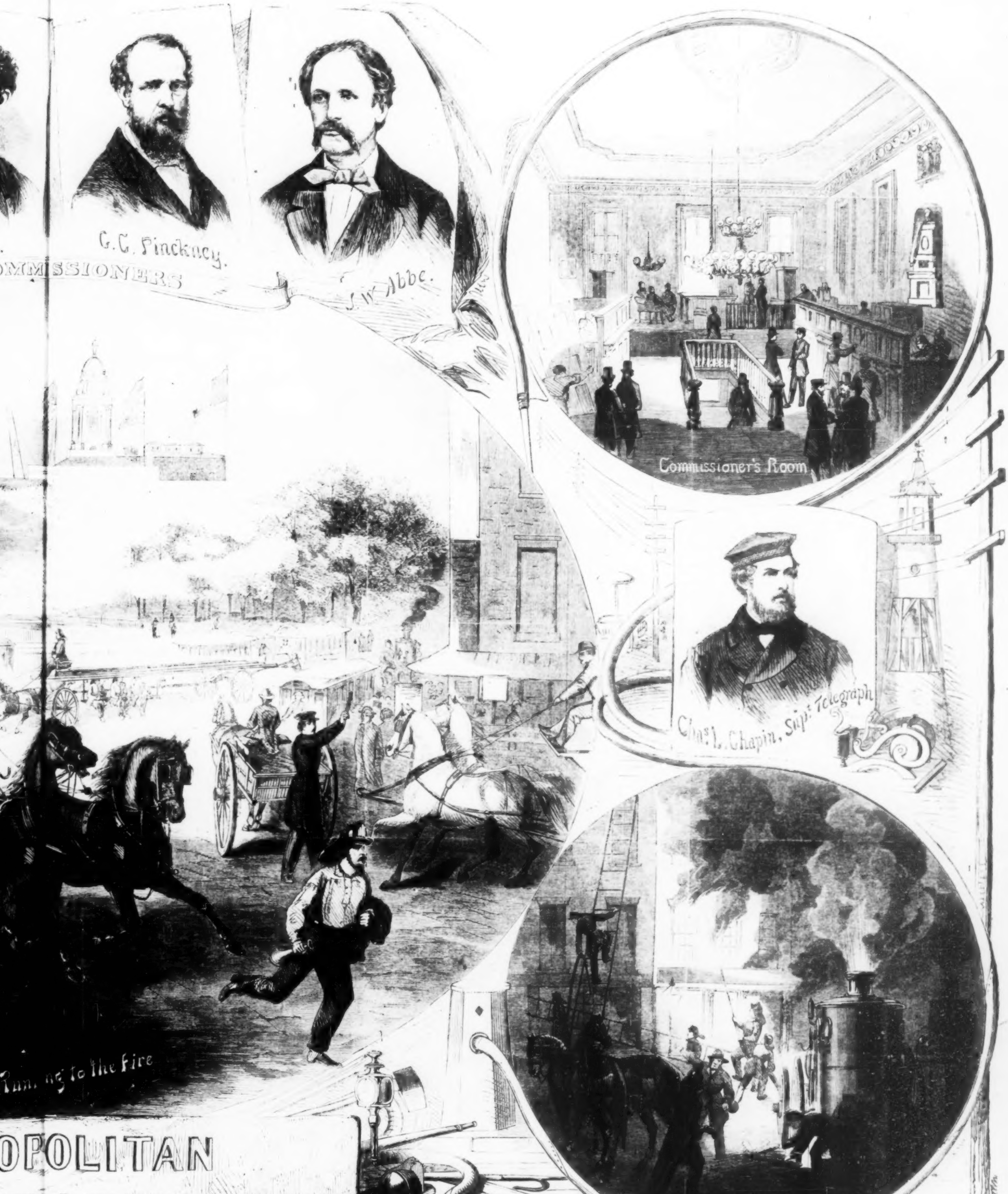
The newest Parisian opera-cloaks are made either of striped plush, or of what are called the "Eastern Silks"—fabrics which are ribbed and woven with the most dazzling of colors. Striped blue and white plush, striped purple and gold plush, green, violet, gold and white Eastern silks, all make up into the most magnificent of opera-cloaks. They are cut in the form of talmas, and many have large square sleeves and hoods lined with plain silk of the color which predominates in the opera-cloak; handsome cords and tassels being added to the hood, and also to the shoulder seams.

Brigham Young has had a new "revelation." He says it is "the will of God that the sisters should make their own bonnets and hats for themselves and their families from straw and other materials raised in the Utah Mountains." The next "revelation" will probably dictate the style in which they are to be made and worn. It is said that Brigham Young has a large lot of rye straw "for sale in lots to suit purchasers," which perhaps accounts for the straw-hat revelation.

The London Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, recently prosecuted a wretch for maliciously wounding a horse in a most horrible manner. The offender was sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for five years. It would be simply humane to have a society in New York of a similar nature, that the abusers of poor dumb beasts might be brought to justice.

The marriage of the Princess Anna Murat is assuming quite the form of a public event. Newspapers and chroniclers of every kind have for some time been engaged in recording the wonderful presents bestowed upon the pretty little bride. The marvelous contents of the *corbeille de mariage*, offered by the wealthy and enamored *fiancé*, have presented such attractions to burglars that the greatest vigilance and activity on the part of the police have been necessary to protect them. The Empress gives the bride an Alençon lace dress, costing 80,000 francs, and a prayer-book worth 35,000 francs. It is, we believe, already known that the Emperor gives his relative a portion of two millions of francs, besides a necklace worth half a million, and a *parure* of 180,000 francs. Some of the Duke de Mouchy's aristocratic relatives, so far from being gratified at his obtaining a position on the fringe of a throne, complain that he is making a *mésalliance*.


Fireman's Hall.
P. W. Engs.
M. B. Brown.
THE COMMISSIO
Elisha Kingsland Chief Engin'r.
Semper Paratus."
Running to
METROPOL
FIRE DEPA


G. C. Pinckney.
J. W. Abbe.
OMMISSIONERS
Commissioner's Room
Chas. L. Chapin, Supt. Telegraph
Run ng to the Fire
At the Fire
OPOLITAN
EPARTMENT

OUR NEW FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Our Fire Department is now as efficient as our Police Department. Within a year a most important revolution has been wrought, from which great benefits will accrue to the city. Our Legislature, last winter, passed a bill for the reorganization of our city Fire Department, doing away with the volunteer system and placing the Department on the same footing, as regards pay and discipline, with the Police Department. Three Commissioners were appointed by the Governor to carry out this law.

For a time there was considerable excitement, owing to the reluctance of the volunteer firemen to acquiesce in the new order of things. But the law had its course, and for the benefit of all parties concerned it was agreed to take into the new organization such of the old firemen as were so disposed and were capable of performing satisfactorily the duties of their position.

The three Commissioners appointed Mr. ELISHA KINGSLAND Chief Engineer. The new Department was rapidly organized, and now there are thirty engines and tenders, and ten hook and ladder trucks built or under way. The engines are drawn by two horses instead of by hand as formerly. Another reform, which has been instituted more recently, is the almost complete substitution of telegraph signals for the ringing of alarm bells. The latter drew together a crowd, which was always in the way of the firemen and led to much disorder in other ways.

The system of discipline under the new régime is admirable. At the engine-house there is always a watchman outside, who is relieved every four hours, and whose duty it is to give the alarm in case of a fire in the neighborhood. Every man has his especial post of duty assigned him, and there is no delay in getting to work on the instant the alarm is given. The pay of the fireman is $700 per annum. His uniform is dark blue, with a silver button, and a cap shaped very much like the navy cap. He lives in the engine-house, being usually unmarried.

The new Fire Department is less expensive than the old, and does not furnish an outlet for the barbaric impulses of rowdies. Without fighting or bluster, it goes to work so promptly and efficiently that fires will soon be unable to advance beyond their incipient stages. The entire force of the new Department made a most favorable exhibition of its excellent features in the parade of December 21, when it passed in review before the Mayor and the Fire Commissioners.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XCVI.

GONE!

STEADILY, sternly, William Trefalden went down the broad stone stairs and into the hall. Here the housekeeper, coming from the empty dining room, and wondering what great trouble was in the house, started at the sight of him as if he were a ghost. He passed her as he would have passed a tree by the road-side, took his hat mechanically, and went out. At the gates he paused. The key was on the inside; but he fumbled with it confusedly, and could not turn the lock. The housekeeper, looking after him with a sort of vague terror, called to Jacques to open the gates for Monsieur: whereupon Jacques, clattering across the yard in his *sabots*, came running, lantern in hand, and turned the key in an instant.

Monsieur passed out into the lane, like a man in a dream, and having gone a few steps, stood still and leaned against the wall. The wind blew fiercely, bringing heavy drops of rain with it every now and again; but of this he seemed unconscious. Then he went slowly down the lane and out upon the high road. To the right lay Bordeaux, a good ten miles away; to the left bordering the road for some little distance on either side, but lying for the most part somewhat back among the vineyards, came the village. He stopped, walked a few yards in this direction, a few yards in that, and then stopped again, feeling faint and stunned, and all unlike himself.

It was a case of reaction, mental and physical. He had gone through a terrific ordeal, and it had now begun to tell upon him, body and brain. Dimly conscious of this, he tried to collect his thoughts—tried to consider what it was that he wanted to do, and which way he should go next. Then he suddenly remembered that he had been traveling since noon, and had not dined that day. He would go to the auberge in the village, and there get some food and some brandy—above all, some brandy. It would put life into him; steady him; lift this weight from his brain, and restore him to himself.

Acting upon this instinct, he made his way to the "Lion d'Or." Two old peasants chatting over their half-bottle of red wine in a corner of the public room looked up as he came in; and the master of the house recognizing the English Monsieur who was to occupy his best bedchamber that night, left his game of dominos and rose respectfully. Did Monsieur desire to see his room? The room was quite ready, and he thought Monsieur would be content with it. Could Monsieur have refreshment? Without doubt; Monsieur could have whatever refreshment he pleased—a cutlet, an omelet, a dish of ham, a fowl even, if Monsieur did not object to wait while it was cooked. Good; a cutlet—a cutlet, and some cognac. He had excellent cognac; Vieux Cognac, if Monsieur indeed preferred it to wine. Monsieur should be served immediately. The cutlet would not take five minutes to prepare. In the mean while would Monsieur be pleased to occupy this small table by the window.

William Trefalden dropped into the chair placed for him by the landlord, and there sat in a kind of stupor—his hat on, his elbows resting on the table, his chin supported on his hands. His hair and clothes were damp; his feet were deadly cold; his teeth chattered; but of all this he was wholly unconscious. He only knew that he felt crushed and paralyzed; that he wanted to think of something and had no power to do so; that the brandy would put him straight—the brandy! the brandy!

He called for it impatiently, and while the landlord went to fetch it fell to wondering again what the thing was that he failed so strangely to remember. It tormented him—it haunted him. He seemed ever on the point of seizing it, and, failing to seize it, groped about in a kind of mental darkness that was inexpressibly painful.

Then the brandy came—about a quarter of a pint in a tiny decanter, accompanied by a liqueur glass equally diminutive. He pushed the glass angrily aside, poured the whole of the spirit into a tumbler, and drank it at a draught. It went down his throat like fire; but he had no sooner swallowed it than the pressure on his brain was relieved. After a few moments he felt warmer, steadier. Then his thoughts cleared suddenly. He remembered all that had happened; and with memory came back the whole flood of rage, grief, hatred, love, despair!

He knew now what the thought was—that vague thought which had so oppressed and eluded him a few moments since. It was vengeance.

Ay, vengeance. Bitter, deadly, terrible vengeance—vengeance swift and bloody! He told himself that he would have it, be the cost what it might. He would give his own life for it willingly, and count it cheaply purchased. The word mounted to his brain, throbbed in his pulse, tingled in his ears, mastered and took possession of him, like a fiend.

He knew that he must plan his vengeance quickly. It must be planned, prepared, executed at once. The blow must fall as suddenly and fatally as the shaft of the lightning. How was this to be done? With what weapon?

The landlord came bustling in with a pile of covered plates in his hands and a napkin under his arm. Monsieur's dinner. Monsieur would find that the cook had done her best at so short a notice. Here was a little soup; here also were cutlets, fried potatoes, and a dish of beans. The omelet would be ready for Monsieur as soon as Monsieur was ready for the omelet.

But William Trefalden was in no state to do justice to the fare before him. He tasted the soup, and pushed it aside. He tried to taste the meat, but set the morsel down without putting it to his lips. The brandy had supplied him with a factitious strength that caused him to loathe the sight and smell of solid food. One thing he took, however, from the dinner-table—a knife.

He watched his moment and slipped it up his sleeve when no one was observing him. It was a short black-handled knife, worn to an edge on both sides—a knife that was to all intents and purposes a dagger.

This done, he rapped impatiently for the landlord, bade him remove the dishes, and called for more brandy.

The landlord was distressed beyond measure. Was not the soup to Monsieur's taste? Were not the cutlets tender? Would not Monsieur permit him to bring the omelet? Helas! was Monsieur finding himself ill? Would Monsieur choose a cup of tea? More cognac? Good. Monsieur should have it immediately.

The cognac was brought, and he drank again eagerly; this time from a wine-glass. The craving for it was irresistible. It was a second-rate spirit, more fiery than strong; but it stimulated him; spurred him to his purpose; nerved his arm and quickened his brain. For all this he was not intoxicated. He felt that he could drink a bottle of it without producing that result. So he drank, and drank again; and as he drank the fire coursed through his veins till at last he felt that he could sit there, brooding and silent, no longer.

He rose and went out hurriedly. The two old peasants shook their heads over their wine and looked after him. *Diable!* There was surely something strange about the man. Was he ill? Or mad? Or had he drunk too much cognac? Bah! was he not an Englishman, and used to it? Englishmen, look you, *mon voisin*, drink cognac like water!

The rain was now driving furiously before the wind, and sweeping down the road in great gusts before which the poplars moaned and shivered like living things. What with the sudden shock of cooler air, and what with the fever in his blood, the lawyer reeled at first meeting the wind and rain, and could scarcely keep his feet. But this was only for a moment. He recovered himself instantly, and, fighting his way in the teeth of the storm, crept under the lee of the houses till he came to the side road leading to the Château de Peyrolles. He found it with difficulty, for the night was pitch-dark and the rain blinding. On the high-road where all was open it was yet possible to see a few feet in advance; but here in the lane, shut in by trees and high walls on both sides, he could only feel his way along like a blind man.

At length he came upon the gates. They were again locked upon the inside. He tried them—tried to slip his hand between the bars and turn the key in the lock; but the bars were too close, and he could not get his fingers far enough. Then he stopped, clinging to the gate with both hands, and staring in. The darkness was so intense that he could not distinguish the outline of the house; but he saw lights still burning in some of the rooms. One in an upper chamber especially fixed his attention. Was that window hers?

Oh! the passion, the despair, the desperate longing that seized upon him at this thought! If he could but see her once again!—see her; speak to her; touch her hand; tell her how, though false to all the world besides, he had been true at least to her from first to last! He felt that he had never half told her how he loved her. He had never even kissed her—never once; for his respect had been as profound as his love, and he had not dared to claim the smallest privilege of a lover from one so young, so helpless, so bereaved. He felt now that he would give his soul to clasp her in his arms and press his lips to hers. Good God! how he loved her! How his heart hungered for her!

He shook the gates with all his might—strove to clamber over them—flung himself against them; but in vain. Then he pressed his face against the bars, like a prisoner at the prison-gate, and, sobbing, called upon her name. But his voice was borne away by the wind, and the pitiless rain drove in his face and mingled with his tears.

While he was yet clinging there in the darkness with his eyes fixed upon the upper window the light suddenly vanished. He had made so certain that it was her light and her window that the disappearance of that little spark fell upon him like a blow. He felt as if the last link were now broken between them—the last hope gone.

Almost at the same moment he saw a lantern (carried apparently by an invisible hand) moving across the upper end of the court-yard. Again he shook the gates and shouted furiously. The lantern paused—moved on—paused again, and at last came quickly toward him. Then the bearer held it high above his head with one hand, shaded his eyes with the other, and asked roughly—"*Qui est la?*"

It was Jacques—the same Jacques who had let him out an hour or two before, and who, recognizing his voice, again unlocked the gates and admitted him.

"*Tiens!*" said he. "They are all in bed *la bas.*"

William Trefalden's heart leaped with fierce exultation.

"No matter," he replied. "My visit is to the gentleman. Tell me where he sleeps. That is enough."

"What gentleman, M'sieur?"

"He who came to-day with the English curé. Quick! Time presses, and my business is urgent."

"But the strange gentleman is no longer here. He went away about half an hour after Monsieur."

"Went away!"

"Yes, M'sieur—in a cabriolet with four horses, taking Monsieur le Curé and the young lady with him."

"Dog, it is a lie!—a lie, and you are paid to tell it! Give me the truth—the truth this instant, or I strangle you!"

And, half beside himself, the lawyer twisted his hands in the lad's collar as if he meant what he said.

"Ah, Monsieur!—for the love of God, Monsieur!—it is indeed the truth—if you kill me for it, it is the truth!"

"Where is Madame Bouïsse?"

"Gone to bed, M'sieur!"

"Then wake her—tell her I must see her. If she were dying, I must see her. Do you hear?"

"Yes, M'sieur."

Trembling from head to foot, Jacques picked up the lantern which he had dropped in his extremity of terror, and led the way into the house. They went straight to the housekeeper's chamber, where William Trefalden thundered at the door as if he would bring it down. Madame Bouisse made her appearance, well-nigh startled out of her wits, and wrapped in the counterpane of her bed.

It was quite true—undeniably true. The young Englishman was gone, and had taken mam'selle with him. They left about twenty minutes or half an hour after Monsieur took his departure. Madame Bouisse believed they were gone to Bordeaux. Monsieur was free to search the house if he chose; but he would assuredly find that she, Madame Bouïsse, was not deceiving him. They were gone.

Gone!

Without waiting to hear or utter another word he snatched the lantern from the boy's hand and rushed up stairs. From suit to suit, from floor to floor, through empty rooms yet full of the evidences of recent occupation, down again, out of the house, and across the court-yard, shivering the lantern to fragments on the wet stones as he reached the gates! Then he paused, turned, lifted up his hands in the darkness, heaped curses on the place, and raged against it impotently, like a madman.

Till now he had been comparatively calm. Busy with his scheme of vengeance, he had put restraint upon his words, and even to a certain degree upon his looks. But now—now he no longer attempted to curb the fire within—now the lava-tide of rage and hate welled up and overflowed, and bore him along, unresisting.

Gone!

Impelled by an instinct that seemed to take the place of sight, he ran down the lane and out upon the high-road. The "Lion d'Or" was now closed for the night; but he battered fiercely at the door till it was opened. The landlord, sleepily obsequious, ventured to remark that Monsieur was late, but William Trefalden interrupted him at the first word.

"I must have a cabriolet and post-horses," he said. "At once—do you hear?"

The landlord shook his head.

"*Mon Dieu*, Monsieur!" he said, "the 'Lion d'Or' is not a posting-house."

"But you have horses?"

"None, Monsieur."

"Then where can I get them? Quick—quick, for your life!"

"Nowhere in Drouay, Monsieur."

"But is there no farmer, no shop-keeper, no creature in the place who can be found to drive me to Bordeaux? I will pay any thing. Fool! do you understand?—*Any thing!*"

But the landlord only shrugged his shoulders and protested that not a soul in Drouay would be induced to undertake the job at such an hour, and in such weather.

The lawyer clenched his teeth, and stamped with rage.

"Then I must walk," he said. "Give me some brandy before I go."

The landlord held up his hands in feeble expostulation. Walk! Great Heaven! Walk three leagues and a half in this terrible storm! Let Monsieur only listen to the rain—listen to the wind—think how dark it was and how lonely! Besides, Monsieur was wet through already.

But Mr. Trefalden broke in with a fierce oath, and bade the man hold his peace and bring the brandy instantly.

Then he poured out half a tumblerful, drank it recklessly, flung a napoleon on the table, and rushed out again into the storm.

He was now utterly beside himself—his brain reeling, his blood on fire, his whole frame throbbing with fever and fury. The landlord of the "Lion d'Or," thankful to be rid of him, shut and barred the door, and went straightway up to bed, resolved not to admit him again under any circumstances. In the mean while he seemed to have lost sight of his determination to walk to Bordeaux, and went raving and gesticulating up and down the village, where all, except himself, were sleeping quietly.

Thus pacing to and fro like a caged beast, he suddenly became aware of the approach of a traveling carriage. On it came, thundering through the one straggling street of Drouay, with flaring lamps, steaming horses, splash and clatter of wheels, and the loud cracking of the postillion's whip. He ran to meet it—he shouted—he implored to be taken up—he would pay any price only to stand upon the step, if they would let him! But the postillion took him for a beggar, and shook his whip at him; and the travelers inside, cut off from him by windows opaque with damp, and deafened by the rattle of their own wheels and the pelting of the rain upon the carriage-roof, neither saw nor heard him. Still he ran beside it, panting and shouting—tried to clutch at the traces, but, receiving a savage lash across the hands, fell back and made a desperate effort to spring up behind. But all in vain. He missed his hold; the carriage swept on, and left him there despairing.

Still, still he ran, fated, irresponsible, headlong—now stumbling among the sharp flints in the road—now getting up with hands all cut and bleeding—now pausing to take breath—now fancying he could still hear the retreating wheels; and so, drenched, giddy, breathless, his hat gone, his face and clothes disfigured with mud and rain, rushing blindly on again!

Each moment the storm increased and the wind rose higher, till at last it culminated in a terrific hurricane. Then the thunder came up in heavy peals, and the lightning burst over the plain in rapid flashes, and the wind tore up the vines by the roots, and whirled them wildly away, with all their vintage promise, toward the sea. Yet still, urged forward by that fierce thirst which blood alone could slake, with murder in his heart and madness in his brain, William Trefalden ran—fell—struggled to his feet—staggered on again—fell again—and so for miles and miles!

Next morning early, when the storm-clouds were drifting off raggedly toward the west with now and then a gleam of uncertain sunshine between, a party of peasant folk coming up from the way of Medoc found the body of a man lying face downward in a pool by the road-side. His clothes, face, and hands were torn and blood-stained. He had a watch upon his person, and in his waistcoat pocket a porte-monnaie full of bank-notes and napoleons. No letters, no cards, no token by which it might be possible to identify him, could be discovered upon the body. His very linen was unmarked.

The honest country-folk laid this nameless corpse across one of their mules, and brought it charitably into the dead-house at Bordeaux. Having lain there unclaimed for forty-eight hours, it was buried in the new cemetery beyond the walls, with a small black cross at the head of the grave, on which the only inscription was a row of numerals. His watch, his money, and his clothes were awarded by the préfet to the poor of the parish in which the body was found.

EPILOGUE.

THE world knows the Italian story by heart. How Garibaldi entered Naples: how, at Della Catena, he saluted Victor-Emanuel as King of Italy: how he sheathed his sword when the great work was so far done, and went back to his solitude at Caprera, are facts which need no recapitulation. Had one man lived but a few months—nay, a few weeks—longer, the tale might perchance have ended differently. Where we now read Florence we might have read Rome; for "Regno d'Italia" on printed stamp and minted coin, a word of broader significance and more antique glory. But the ideal Republic died with Giulio Colonna, and was buried in his grave.

In the mean while Olimpia's life became a blank. Her father had been the very light of her inner world. Bred in his political faith, trained in his employ, accustomed to look up to him, to work with him, to share his most secret councils, his wildest hopes, his fears, his errors, and even his personal dangers, she seemed to lose the half of her own soul when he was snatched from her. Then came the sudden change of programme—a change to her so bewildering, so unworthy, so fatal! Mistrusting Sardinia and scorning the very name of a Constitutional Italy, Olimpia conceived that her father's memory was insulted in this compromise; and so, in the bitterness of her resentment and grief, withdrew herself altogether from the work in which her life had been spent. Avoiding all with whom she had labored and acted in time past, and keeping up no more than the merest thread of intercourse with even those whom she was used to call her friends, she then made her home at Chiswick, in the quiet house to which Saxon had conducted her on the evening of their arrival in London. Here she lived solitary and apart, cherishing her sorrow, mourning the great scheme unachieved, and learning that hard lesson of patience which all enthusiasts have to learn in this world sooner or later.

Not thus Lord Castletowers. Too English, too unprejudiced, and it may be added too sensible, to attach paramount importance to the mere shibboleth of a party, he welcomed the settlement of Italian affairs with a heartiness that he would perhaps scarcely have ventured to express very loudly in the presence of Colonna's daughter. Where she refused to recognize any vital difference between a Constitutional government and a pure Despotism, he was far-sighted enough to look forward to that free and prosperous future which most thinking men now prophesy for the kingdom of Italy, nor was he slow to perceive that there might be hope for himself in the turn that matters had taken. The Italian question thus far solved, Italy would no longer need so much support from her well-wishers. With a liberal monarch at the head of the nation, a parliament to vote supplies, and an army to defend the national territory, the whole system of patriotic black-mail levying, and special pleading of every description, must necessarily collapse. Olimpia would therefore no longer feel herself bound to sacrifice her hand to "one who could do more for Italy" than himself. So the Earl loved and hoped on, and wisely bided his time.

Wisely, too, he applied himself in the mean while to the improvement of his own worldly position. Occupying his friend Saxon's vacant chambers in St. James's Street, he devoted himself to his parliamentary duties with a zeal that drew upon him the attention of one or two very noble and influential personages. Having made a couple of really brilliant speeches during the spring session of 1861, and happening to be upon the spot when a man of ability and tact was needed at a moment's notice, he had the good fortune to be intrusted with a somewhat delicate and difficult mission to one of those petty German potentates who make up for very small territories by gigantic pretensions, and balance a vast amount of pride against a scanty revenue.

The Earl, as a matter of course, acquitted himself perfectly, and began thenceforth to be talked of among his elders as a "rising man." Then the Duke of Doncaster smiled graciously upon him, and several of the Cabinet Ministers fell into the way of asking him to their political dinners; and the end of it all was, that just before the setting in of the long vacation, Gervase Leopold Wynneclyffe, Earl of Castletowers, found himself inducted one fine morning into a very neat little vacancy in the Perquisite Office, where the work was light and the salary heavy, and the chance of promotion considerable. Then, and not till then, he ventured to renew his suit to Olimpia Colonna.

The moment was favorable. A year of mourning had passed over her head, and the intense solitude of heart which had been at first her only solace now began to weigh painfully upon her. She had had time to think of many things—time to live down some errors and outlive some hopes—time also to remember how long and well the Earl had loved her; how worthy he was of all the love that she could give him in return; how he had shed his blood for her Italy; and with what devotion he had performed the last sad duties of a son toward her father's ashes. Besides all this, her occupation was gone. She could no longer immolate herself for Italy, for the simple reason that Italy was satisfied to rest a while upon her present gains, and preferred being left to settle her own affairs in a quiet Constitutional way. The disaster at Aspromonte convinced Miss Colonna of this truth, and of the stability of the new *régime*. And over and above all these considerations Olimpia loved the Earl. She had loved him all along—even when she refused him; and now, after a whole year of sorrow, she loved him better than before. So she accepted him—accepted him very frankly and simply, as a true woman should, and promised to be his wife before the ending of the year.

Secure in the consciousness of her splendid birth, Olimpia never dreamed for one moment that Lady Castletowers could be other than content and happy in this new alliance of their houses. That the proud Alethea Holme-Pierrepont would in this solitary instance have been prepared to sacrifice blood for gold—nay, would have actually welcomed a Miss Hatherton with two hundred and fifty thousand pounds more gladly than a portionless Colonna—was a possibility that could by no chance enter within the range of her calculations. So when Lady Castletowers came over to see her the next day in her humble suburban home, and kissed her on both cheeks, and said all the pretty and gracious things that the mother of her betrothed husband was bound, under the circumstances, to say, Olimpia accepted it all in perfect faith, nor dreamed a bitter disappointment lay hidden beneath that varnish of smiles and embraces. The Earl, having himself borne the brunt of her Ladyship's displeasure, was, it need scarcely be said, careful to keep the secret very close indeed.

In the mean while Saxon Trefalden had gone back to Switzerland; and there, despite the urgent remonstrances of those dear friends who missed his little dinners and his inexhaustible check-books, persistently remained. In vain did the Erectheum lift up its voice in despair; in vain did Blackwall lament and Richmond refuse to be comforted, and Italian prima donnas sigh for banquets and bracelets gone by. The boyish, laughing, lavish millionaire was fairly gone, and declined to come back again. The sirens might sing; but Odysseus only stopped his ears and sailed by unheeding.

The Earl alone knew that he was married; but even the Earl knew no more. He felt it to be somewhat hard that his friend should neither have invited him to his wedding, nor have taken him in any way into his confidence upon so important a matter. He could not but be conscious, too, that there was something strange and secret about the whole proceeding. Who had he married? Was the bride pretty or plain? Rich or poor? Dark or fair? Gentle or simple? What was her age? her name? her rank? her nation?

In reply to the first announcement of his friend's marriage, the Earl had ventured delicately to hint at two or three of these inquiries; but as Saxon limited his rejoinder to the fact that his wife was "an angel," Lord Castletowers naturally felt that the statement was hardly so explicit as it might have been.

On all other points Saxon was frank and communicative as ever. He laid his every project before his friend as unreservedly in his letters as if they two had been sitting face to face over the fire in the smoking-room at Castletowers, or leaning side by side in the moonlight over the taffrail of the *Albula*. They were delightful letters, filled to overflowing with all kinds of general detail: now telling of the new chateau, which was already in progress; now of the bridge just built at Ostenstien, or the road to be made between Tamins and Thusis; now describing a national fête at Chur, or an entertainment at the Château Planta; now relating all about the cotton-mills which Saxon was erecting in the valley, or the enormous pasture tracts lately purchased, and the herds of Scotch cattle imported to stock them; now giving a sketch of the design just received from the architect at Geneva for that church at Altfelden on which Pastor Martin's heart had been set for the last thirty years—keeping the Earl constantly *au courant*, in fact, of every particular of his friend's busy and benevolent life among the simple people of his native canton.

At length it was the Earl's turn to announce the happiness so shortly to be his; and then Saxon wrote to entreat that the newly-married pair would extend their wedding-journey as far as the Valley of Domleschg, and be his guests a while. "My wife," he said, "desires to know you, and my uncle loves you already for my sake. On your wedding-day you will receive a parcel of papers, which you must accept as a souvenir of your friend."

The "parcel of papers" proved to be the title-deeds of the two farms sold to Mr. Sloper, and the title deeds of Mr. Behrens's "box" and grounds at Castletowers. The farms were worth from ten to twelve thousand pounds apiece, to say nothing of the "fancy price" which Saxon had paid for the wool-stapler's property. It was not a bad present, as presents go, and it made a rich man of the Earl of Castletowers; but he little thought as he wrung Saxon's hand when they next met at Reichenau, that to the man who had presented him with that princely wedding-gift he owed not those farms alone, but Castletowers itself—Castletowers itself, with the ancestral oaks of which he was so proud, and the rare old house in which his forefathers had lived and died for centuries before him. That was the one secret that Saxon never confided to him—not even when, walking together under the apple-trees at the foot of the church-hill, he related the story of his own marriage, of his cousin's perfidy, and of the fate from which he had interposed to save Helen Rivière.

"And that," he said, "was how I came first to know her—how I came to love her—how I won her. I brought her home at once to the little château yonder. My uncle adored her from the first moment, and she adored him. I was almost jealous—that is, I should have been jealous, if it hadn't made me so happy. When she had been living here for about a month or five weeks we came up one morning, all three together, to this little chapel upon the hill, and my uncle married us. There was no one present but Keith and the organ-blower. After my uncle had blessed us and the ceremony was all over, we embraced and bade him adieu, and walked along the Thusis road till the cabriolet overtook us; and so we were married and went away, and no soul in Reichenau knew it till we were gone. We were so happy!"

"It is a strange story," said the Earl, "and a pretty story; and the best part of it is that you and I are cousins, Saxon, after all!"

"Nay," replied Saxon, grasping his friend's hand in both his own, "it is not much to be only cousins when we have been brothers so long!"

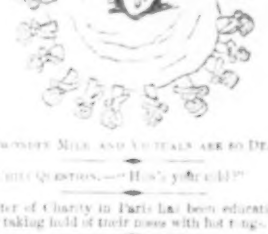
A word remains to be added respecting the other moiety of the great Trefalden Legacy; that moiety which, according to the will of the testator, was to be bestowed in the endowment of a great charity, chiefly for the benefit of "decayed tradesmen, mercantile men, ship-brokers, stock-brokers, poor clergymen, and members of the legal and medical professions, and the widows and orphans of each of those classes respectively." For the accommodation of these widows and orphans, the will went on to direct that a plot of freehold ground should be purchased, and that "a suitable and substantial building" should be erected thereon under the superintendence of "some eminent architect;" and this building was to be called "THE LONDON BENEVOLENT TREFALDEN INSTITUTION."

It is delightful to know that all this will certainly be done—some day. The money fell due on the twenty-second of March, 1860, and the sum then transferred to the credit of the trustees amounted to just four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand two hundred and odd pounds. Since that time the exertions of the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor and Corporation have been beyond all praise. To say that they have either thought much, or done much, up to the present date, would perhaps be premature; but they have eaten an incalculable number of dinners on the subject, which to the civic mind means precisely the same thing. At these dinners they generally entertain a certain "eminent architect," which "eminent architect," being retained at a splendid salary for just so long as the works shall remain in progress, is naturally and laudably anxious to devote his life to the task. He therefore submits a plan now and then, or the modification of a plan, to the intelligent after-dinner criticisms of his honorable employers; and in that position the building-question now stands.

What site that "suitable and substantial building" is destined to occupy, how much it will cost, what it will be like, and at what remote period in the future history of the world it may probably be completed, are questions which the present generation is advised not to consider too curiously. No intelligent and unprejudiced person can doubt, of course, that when the ground is bought, and the building is built, and the bills are all paid, and the dinners are all eaten, and the resident curator, clergyman, physician, secretary, housekeeper, and servants of the establishment are salaried on a scale befitting the splendor of the foundation, there will yet remain something for the "DECAYED TRADESMEN, mercantile men, ship-brokers, stock-brokers, poor clergymen, and members of the legal and medical professions, as well as for the widows and orphans of each of those classes respectively." In any case, however, the claims of these insignificant persons will not have to be considered in our time; how, then, can we do better than eat, drink, and be merry, after the enlightened fashion of our honorable friends, the Trefalden Trustees, and so leave the future to take care of itself?

THE END.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



NO WONDER MILK AND VICTUALS ARE SO DEAR.

◆

THE COLD QUESTION.—"How's your cold?"

◆

A Sister of Charity in Paris has been educating children by taking hold of their noses with hot tongs.

◆

Some journal of undoubted authority states that several new performers are about to be added to the orchestra. *What* orchestra is referred to may be somewhat uncertain, but the movement undoubtedly originated in the recent "strike" of the musicians. Among these new performers are mentioned:

The man who fiddles with his watch-chain.
The man who harps on one string.
The man who blows his own trumpet.
The man who is up to the horns of a dilemma.
The man who knows the symbols of algebra and the triangles of Euclid.
The man who rings the changes.
The man who drums on the table.
The man who is fond of his Fife; and
Several *artistes* in spectacles with their musical glasses.

Scores of applicants have been refused, because they all wanted to play the first fiddle; and a chorus could easily have been formed of those who sang their own praises.

N.B.—The lady violinist will appear in lutestring.

◆

It is rumored that a gentleman in fair and regular standing in one of our fashionable city churches entered one of our leading music stores some time since, and stated his wishes in this wise:

"Have you Solomon's Song? I want to get a copy."

"N-no," said the salesman, not being able to recollect at the moment any lithographed sheet with that title—"No; I am afraid not."

"Ah!" said the amateur, drawing on his kid; "perhaps it isn't out yet. Our rector spoke of it last Sunday as a production of great genius and beauty, and I want my daughter to learn it."

The shopman, with what gravity he could command, regretted that they had no copies in yet; and the customer left just in season to save the vest-buttons of the book-keeper, at the desk behind the green curtain.

◆

The rain has one disreputable fault; it is an eaves-dropper.

◆

The man who "took a walk" the other day brought it back again; but the next day he took a ride and has not since been heard from.

◆

ARK-ÆOLOGICAL REMARKS.—While Noah was in the ark, for forty days and nights it was quite dark, and Mrs. Noah and the rest of them not being able to comb their hair, presented an unusual object in the head-gear line, and she and the rest of the women were continually run by the rest of the crew. Mrs. Noah's unfailing reply was, "Wait till the water falls," and as such the style was known. When the ark struck ground, she put her head out of the door (and such a head!), and exclaimed, at the top of her voice, "Is this Are-a-rat?" And the impression was, and is to this day, that it is very much like it.

◆

A young widow, on being asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband, replied, "I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom."

◆

What is the worst seat a man can sit on?—Self con-ceit.

◆

Babies resemble wheat in many respects. Firstly, neither are good for much till they arrive at maturity; secondly, both are *bred* in the house, and are also the *flower* of the family; thirdly, both have to be *cradled*; fourthly, both are generally well *thrashed* before they are done with.

EPITAPH ON A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.—Taken from life.

◆

Why is an eruptive disease an advantage to a man in jail?—Because when he gets it he *breaks out*.

◆

A widow, who had just lost her husband, was weeping bitterly for the departed. A friend tried to console her. "No, no," said the fair mourner, "let me have my cry out; after that I sha'n't think any thing about it."

◆

Who was the first jockey?—Adam, for he was the Father of the Race.

◆

A bachelor and a young lady bought some tickets in partnership in a lottery at the recent Sanitary Fair at Milwaukee, agreeing to divide the proceeds equitably. They drew a double bedstead, a baby-crib, and a lunch-basket, and the question is, how to divide them, or whether they shall not use them "jintly."

◆

There is a good deal of the brute in man. For example, he is generally dog-matic, often puppy-ish, sometimes pusillanimous, and easily cow-ed; occasionally cat-gorical, and is always ready to be made a "lion" of.

◆

CONSOLATORY.—"Which of these roads leads to the village of W——?" inquired a traveler, as he came to a place where the road he was traveling forked in different directions, of an urchin who sat upon a log near by, and whose appearance indicated that he was evidently a specimen. "Any one on 'em, sir," answered the boy. "Which is the best, my lad?" inquired the traveler. "Ain't nary one on 'em the best." "Which is the nearest?" "Ain't much difference." "Which do you think I had better take?" "You may take any on 'em; and afore you get half-way thar you'll wish you had took t'other one."

◆

HEIR-GUNS.—Designing mammas.

◆

Some gentlemen were in a tavern, and at the height of their jollity in came a friend of theirs, whose name was Samson. "Ah," said one, "we may now be securely merry, fearing neither sergeant nor bailiff, for, though a thousand such Philistines should come, here is Samson, who is able to brain them all." "Sir," replied Samson, "I may boldly venture on so many as you speak of, provided you lend me one of your *jaw bones*."

◆

Sir Walter Scott once had an Irishman working for him who was a great drunkard, and who often neglected the work Sir Walter sent him to do. One morning, while engaged in his literary labor, word was brought him that his man had returned after a two days' spree. Sir Walter dashed his pen down on his desk, and in great anger ordered the son of Erin to be sent to him immediately. Pat entered, like humbleness personified, and Sir Walter poured out the vials of wrath:

"You unthankful dog!" said he, "here I have been putting up with your misdoings, and forgiving you from time to time; yet no sooner are you in good graces than you take advantage of me. But this is the last time, sir; we must part!"

"Well," said the gentleman from Ireland, "if we must part, I am very sorry, and hope no ill will happen ye; but, may I ask, where are you goin' to?" He got another trial.

◆

A curious law case has been tried in France, to discover who was the rightful owner of a well. Swearing and complication were going on about the matter, to a lengthy extent, when the judge, astonished, exclaimed, "But this is all about a little water. What can it matter so very much, that you should both put yourselves to so much trouble and expense about it?" "Monsieur," replied one of the advocates, "dryly," "the pleaders are, both of them, wine-merchants." The value and significance were seen at once, and created a roar of laughter.

◆

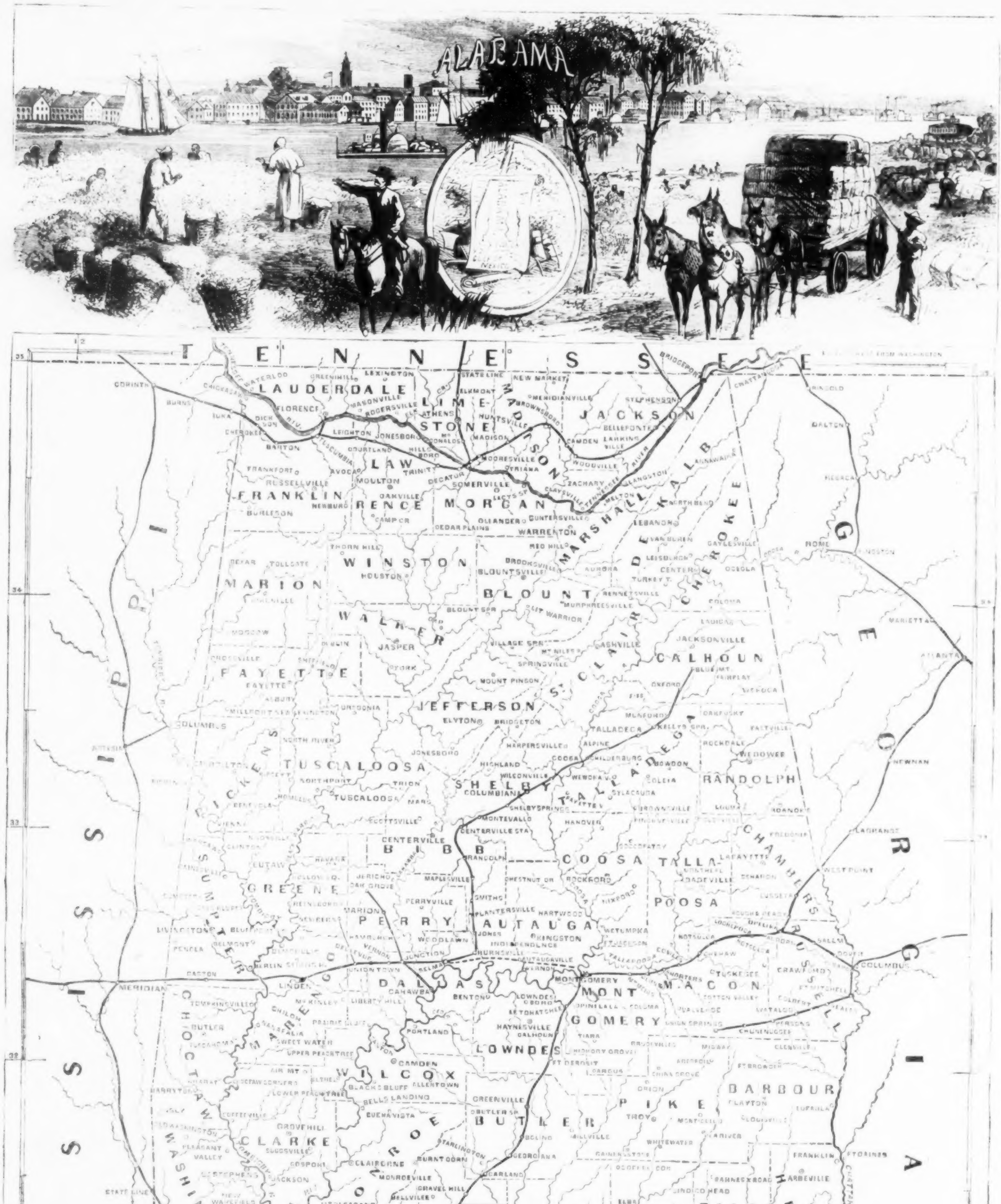
WHY NOT, INDEED?—We have already a female doctor, why not have a female druggist? And if so, why not call her Ipecacu-*Hannah*?

◆

A gentleman having occasion to call on a solicitor, found him in his office, which was very hot. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said "it was hot as an oven." "So it ought to be," replied the lawyer, "for 'tis here I *make my bread*."

GENERAL JOSE M. J. CARVAJAL.

GENERAL JOSE M. J. CARVAJAL, the Special Commissioner of the Republic of Mexico to the United States, was born at San Antonio, Texas, in the year 1809. He was educated in Western Virginia, under the tutorship of Bishop ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, President of Bethany College. Since his return from the United States to Mexico, at the age of twenty-two years, he has been actively engaged in the service of his country, holding many important military and civil positions, all of which have been in aid of republican institutions. In 1851, after having for a number of years filled many prominent and responsible offices, which had gained for him the esteem and confidence of his countrymen, he proclaimed himself as wholly in favor of republican institutions, as opposed to the system of military despotism then prevailing in Mexico—which movement in favor of republican institutions was subsequently indorsed by the people, and is now the ruling sentiment of the populace in every Mexican State. He has always sacrificed himself, his property, and personal ease to the great idea of his life—the establishment of liberal institutions, civil and religious liberty, and a republican form of government in Mexico. In 1864 he was sent by the Republican (JUAREZ) Government of Mexico, in recognition of his ability and long service in behalf of his country, as Special Commissioner to the United States, to seek aid for his oppressed and suffering countrymen. While here he attached to himself hosts of warm personal friends, and he has succeeded in creating in the American people a great sympathy for his cause. As agent for his Government he has negotiated with an American banking house for the sale of the bonds of the Republic of Mexico, which meet with universal favor. His public and private character is such as to win the esteem and confidence of every one with whom he comes in contact; and it is hoped that he will return bearing to his Government the fruits of his long and faithful efforts, in material aid, such as may speedily enable the Republic of Mexico to rid herself of her enemies. Having received his early education in an American college he has become thoroughly acquainted with American character; and as he speaks fluently the English language, is particularly qualified to discharge, with credit to himself and his Government, the arduous duties of his responsible position. General CARVAJAL is the Military Governor of the States of Tamaulipas and San Luis Potosi, and commander of the military forces within the limits of those States. It is gratifying to know that his efforts in behalf of his people are meeting with great success, and that a lively interest is being taken by the American people in behalf of his oppressed and struggling countrymen.


ALABAMA
TENNESSEE
MISSISSIPPI
GEORGIA
FLORIDA
GULF OF MEXICO
MOBILE BAY
LAUDERDALE
LIMESTONE
MADISON
JACKSON
LAWRENCE
FRANKLIN
MORGAN
MARSHALL
DE KALB
CHEROKEE
WINSTON
MARION
BLOUNT
WALKER
FAYETTE
JEFFERSON
ST. CLAIR
CALHOUN
TUSCALOOSA
PICKENS
SHELBY
TALLADEGA
RANDOLPH
SUMPTER
GREENE
BIBB
COOSA
TALLAPOOSA
CHAMBERS
PERRY
AUTAUGA
MARENGO
DALLAS
MONTGOMERY
MACON
RUSSELL
CHOCTAW
WILCOX
LOWNDES
BARBOUR
CLARKE
MONROE
BUTLER
PIKE
WASHINGTON
CONECUH
COVINGTON
COFFEE
DALE
HENRY
BALDWIN
MOBILE
MAP OF ALABAMA
SCALE OF MILES
LONGITUDE WEST FROM WASHINGTON

ALABAMA.

Alabama lies between latitude 31° 10′ and 35° north, and 84° 53′ and 88° 30′ west longitude from Greenwich. Mean annual temperature ranges from 60° to 70° Fahr. Area 50,722 square miles, of which, in 1860, 6,385,724 acres were in improved farms, and 12,718,821 acres unimproved farms, together valued at $175,824,622; value of farming implements, machinery, etc., $7,433,178.

The population in 1860 amounted to 964,201, of which 526,431 were white, 2690 free colored, and 435,080 slaves. The following table shows the white, free colored, slave (black and mulatto), and aggregate population of each county, and also the number of bales of cotton produced:

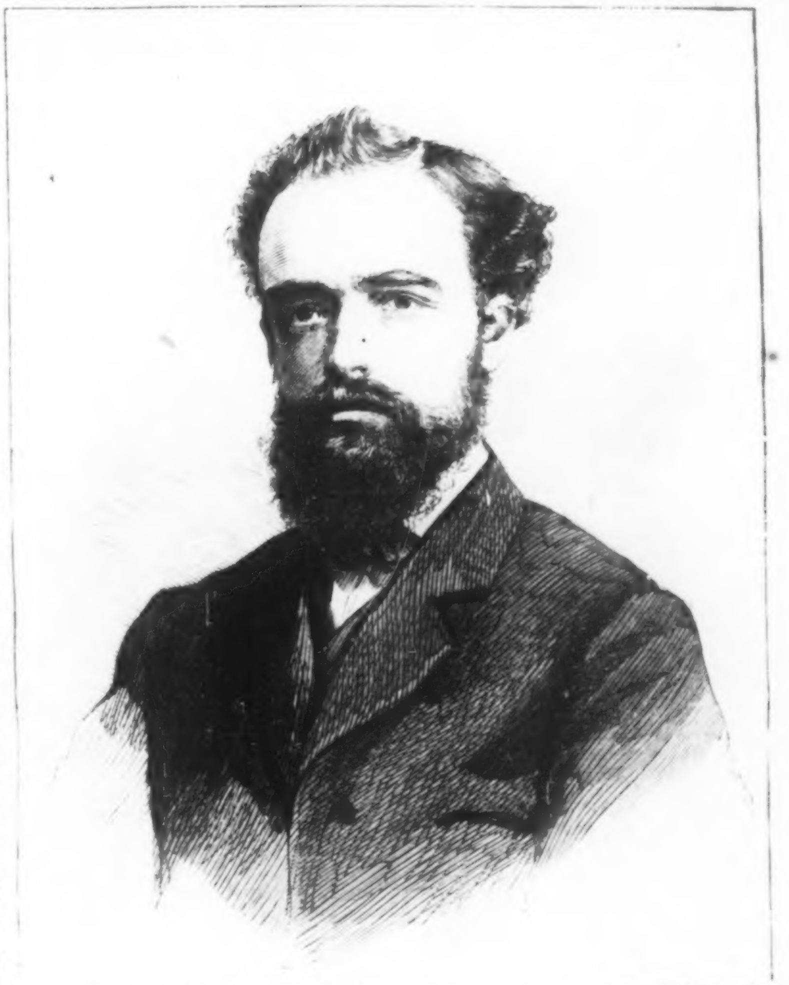
Counties	White.	Free colored.	Slaves.		Aggregate.	Cotton. Bales of 400 lbs. each.
			Black.	Mulatto.		
Autauga	7,118	14	8,991	616	16,739	17,329
Baldwin	5,676	140	3,425	279	7,530	2,172
Barbour	14,629	73	15,343	667	30,812	44,518
Bibb	8,027	25	3,767	75	11,894	8,203
Blount	10,193	6	543	123	10,865	1,021
Butler	11,360	44	6,400	403	18,122	13,149
Calhoun	17,169	28	3,869	473	21,539	11,573
Chambers	11,315	50	10,999	850	23,214	24,569
Cherokee	15,321	37	2,607	395	18,360	10,512
Choctaw	6,767	16	6,634	461	13,877	17,252
Clarke	7,599	14	6,665	771	15,049	16,225
Coffee	8,290	6	1,244	172	9,623	5,294
Conecuh	6,419	10	4,186	696	11,311	6,850
Coosa	14,050	11	4,822	387	18,273	13,960
Covington	5,631	17	746	75	6,469	2,021
Dale	10,381	7	1,617	192	12,196	5,836
Dallas	7,785	80	23,865	1,355	33,625	63,410
De Kalb	9,853	4	679	169	10,705	1,418
Fayette	11,145	2	1,451	251	12,850	5,402
Franklin	10,119	15	7,586	908	18,627	15,592
Greene	7,251	10	22,588	1,010	30,859	57,858
Henry	10,464	21	3,934	499	14,918	11,014
Jackson	14,811	67	2,627	778	18,283	2,718
Jefferson	9,078	19	2,298	351	11,746	4,940
Lauderdale	10,639	44	5,946	791	17,420	15,434
Lawrence	7,177	14	6,102	676	13,975	11,064
Limestone	7,215	6	7,291	784	15,306	15,415
Lowndes	8,362	14	17,893	1,553	27,716	50,664
Macon	8,675	1	17,695	481	26,812	41,119
Madison	11,686	192	12,646	1,967	26,451	22,119
Marengo	6,761	1	23,685	774	31,171	62,428
Marion	9,894	5	1,233	52	11,182	4,286
Marshall	9,666	51	1,451	379	11,472	4,351
Mobile	28,590	1195	9,150	2,246	41,131	440
Monroe	6,916	46	7,558	1,147	15,667	18,236
Montgomery	12,124	79	22,445	1,287	35,904	58,889
Morgan	7,592	37	3,219	407	11,235	6,326
Perry	9,479	39	16,848	1,358	27,724	41,601
Pickens	10,117	8	11,655	536	22,316	28,843
Pike	15,646	4	7,844	941	24,435	24,567
Randolph	18,132	23	1,577	327	20,059	6,457
Russell	10,936	18	14,340	1,298	26,592	38,728
St. Clair	9,236	9	1,389	379	11,013	4,149
Shelby	8,970	26	3,193	429	12,618	6,463
Sumter	5,919	25	17,178	913	24,035	36,584
Talladega	14,634	21	8,521	344	23,520	18,241
Tallapoosa	17,154	1	6,124	548	23,827	17,309
Tuscaloosa	12,971	84	9,107	948	23,200	26,065
Walker	7,461	..	457	68	7,980	2,766
Washington	2,119	56	2,294	101	4,669	3,449
Wilcox	6,795	26	16,892	905	24,618	48,749
Winston	3,454	..	95	21	3,576	552
Total	526,431	2690	409,750	[illegible]	964,201	989,955

Surface.—Bordering the Gulf shore, and for some distance in the interior, is a low sandy region, covered originally with pines. The central portion has an undulating surface, with a deep fertile soil, especially the lands bordering the rivers and streams. The northeast portion of the State is traversed by the Alleghany range, which, in crossing the State, merges into a series of low hills, forming the watershed between the Tennessee River on the north and the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers on the south. About two-thirds of the surface is drained by the Mobile River, which is formed by the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers. Both of these streams are navigable for steamboats far inland. The Chattahoochee flows along its eastern border for a distance of 130 miles, and is navigable from the Gulf of Mexico to Columbus, Georgia. The Choctawhatchee, Escambia, and Perdido rivers are the only other streams of note flowing south. Tennessee River enters the State at its northeast corner, passes across the State, and returns into Tennessee at the northwest corner. This river is navigable (except a small portion at the *Muscle Shoals*) far to the northeast in Tennessee. Mobile Bay, 30 miles in extent, is one of the largest of the inlets of the Gulf of Mexico. This State has a coast line of about 60 miles along the Gulf of Mexico.

Alabama is eminently an agricultural State, and produces largely cotton, Indian corn, wheat, etc. The grain crops, according to the census of 1860, were, wheat, 1,218,444 bushels produced; rye, 72,457; Indian corn, 33,226,282; barley, 15,139; buckwheat, 1347; oats, 682,179; rice, 493,465 pounds. Other productions are: pease and beans, 1,482,036 bushels; Irish potatoes, 491,566; sweet-potatoes, 5,439,917; tobacco, 232,914 pounds; wool, 775,117; cotton, 989,955 bales of 400 pounds each; and there were made, 18,267 gallons of wine; butter, 6,028,478 pounds; cheese, 15,923; sugar, 175 hogsheads of 1000 pounds each; molasses, 85,115 gallons; sorghum molasses, 55,653; honey, 1,189,073 pounds; hay, 62,211 tons. Value of home-made manufactures, $1,817,529. The live-stock at the same period consisted of: horses, 127,063; asses and mules, 111,687; milch cows, 230,537; working oxen, 88,316; other cattle, 454,543; sheep, 370,156; swine, 1,748,321. Value of live-stock, $43,411,711. Value of animals slaughtered, $10,237,131.

Manufactures, etc.—There were, in 1860, 1459 establishments of industry, with a cap. of $9,098,181 invested in real and personal estate in the business. Value of raw material used, $5,489,963; 6792 males and 1097 females employed, and the value of annual product was $10,588,566. The assessed value of real estate in 1860 was $155,034,089, and of personal property $277,164,673. The total length of railroads in operation in 1860 was 743 miles, the cost of construction of which amounted to $17,591,188.

Common Schools.—A system of public instruction was established in 1854. The number of children, in 1858, between six and twenty-one years of age, was 178,995. The returns show in the summer of 1858 the existence of 2597 schools. This does not include Mobile County, which has a separate and independent school system. The amount paid for free public schools in 1859-'60 was $271,580.



MATIAS ROMERO, MEXICAN MINISTER TO WASHINGTON.—Photo. by Fredricks & Co.—[See Page 30.]

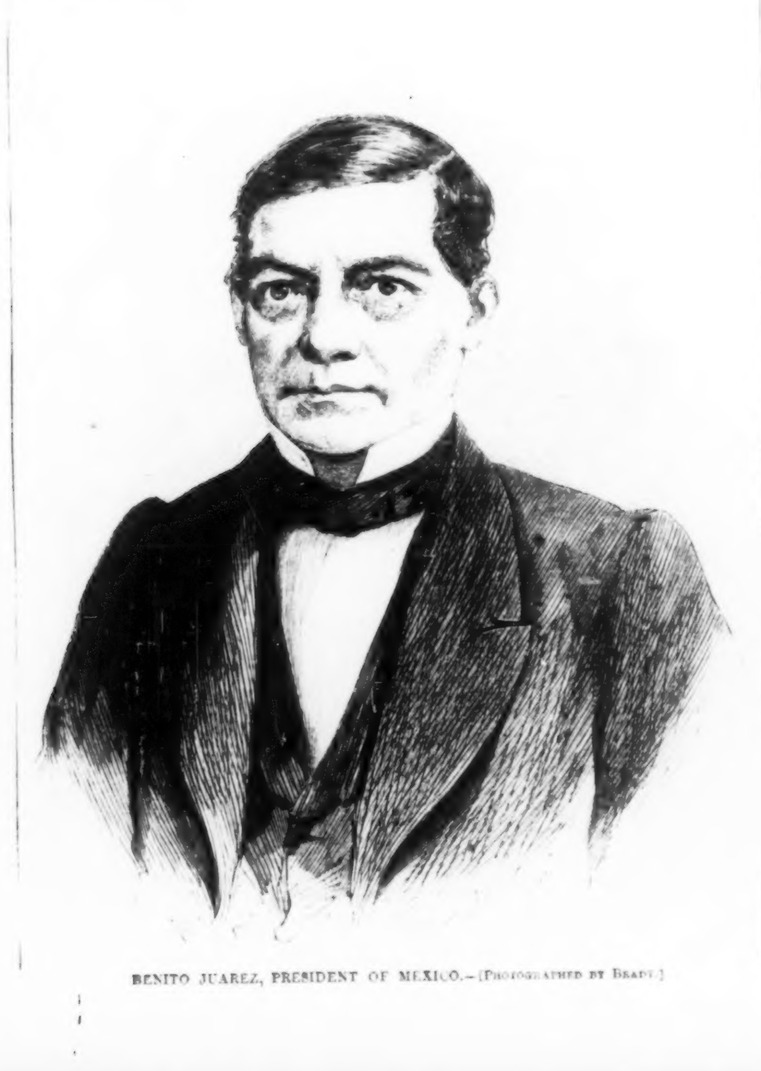
PRESIDENT JUAREZ.

Benito Juarez, the President of Mexico, was born in the year 1809, in Ixtan, an Indian village in the State of Oaxaca. He received his education in the city of Oaxaca, studied law, and began his practice with great success. He was a professor in the college of the State, and soon became the President of the Literary Institute, improving the instruction of the students, and establishing new classes of natural sciences.

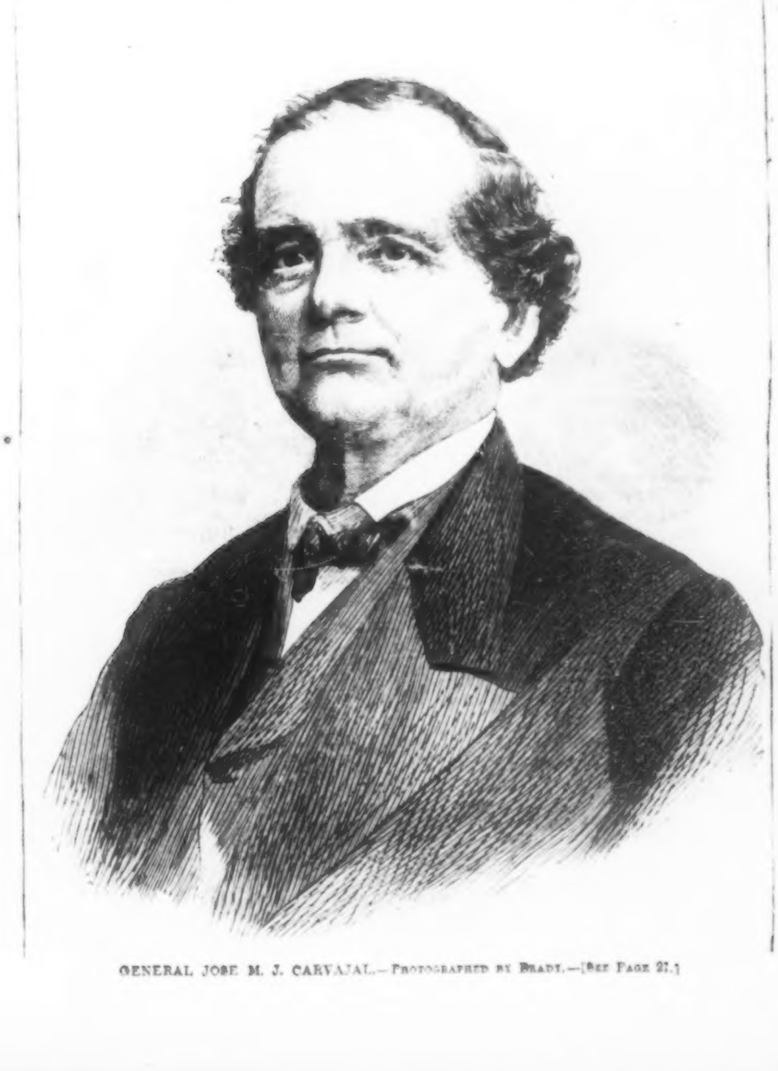
He began his political career in the Legislature of his native State, and afterward was sent to the House of Representatives and to the Senate of the Republic of Mexico, where he always voted with the *puro*, or progressive party, being among the antagonists of the privileged classes and religious intolerance.

He was elected Governor of Oaxaca in 1845 and instituted great improvements, establishing schools in every village, opening new roads, and acquiring a great reputation for his administrative capacity. He was among the last who sustained the liberal institutions and who resisted the dictatorship of Santa Anna. When this man established his tyrannical government Juarez was exiled and resided in New Orleans and Brownsville with Ocampo, Mata, Arriaga, and other Mexican refugees. He returned to Mexico and vigorously aided Generals Comonfort and Alvarez in the revolution against Santa Anna.

When the Liberals vanquished Santa Anna, and Alvarez was elected President, Juarez was appointed Secretary of State for the Department of Justice, Ecclesiastic Affairs, and Public Instructions. He then issued the famous law called the *Juarez Law*, which abolished the military and ecclesiastic privileges, and established for the first time in Mexico the perfect equality of citizens before the law. He was afterward elected Governor of the State of Oaxaca, and was the candidate of the *progressive* party in the Presidential election. Comonfort was elected, and Juarez was appointed President of the Supreme Court of Justice, an



BENITO JUAREZ, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.—[Photographed by Brady.]



GENERAL JOSE M. J. CARVAJAL.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 27.]

office equivalent to that of Vice-President. COMONFORT called him to his cabinet, where he took the Home Department until the *coup d'etat* of COMONFORT, overthrowing the Constitution, and proclaiming a new dictatorship. JUAREZ left the city of Mexico and resumed the executive power according to the provisions of the Constitution. He established the seat of Government at Queretaro, Guanajuato, and Guadalajara, and, finally, at Vera Cruz, where he was acknowledged by the United States as the lawful ruler of Mexico. The Capital of the Republic and some cities were in possession of MIRAMON and ZULOAGA, but the majority of the country obeyed the Government of JUAREZ. At Vera Cruz he issued the laws called the "Law of Reform," establishing religious liberty and the most complete independence between the State and the Church, declaring the real estates of the clergy to be national property, establishing civil marriage, and suppressing the Convents of Friars.

After three years of struggle he re-entered the national Capital and was recognized as the lawful President by England, France, Prussia, etc. He organized his Cabinet with ZARCO, RAMIREZ, PRIETO, and GONZALEZ ORTEGA, and convoked a new Congress, who issued the law for the new Presidential election. JUAREZ was re-elected and re-established the Constitution. His Cabinet has had many modifications, and GUZMAN, ZAMACONA, DOBLADO, FUENTE, and LERDO have been Secretaries of State. JUAREZ refused to yield to the claims of European powers, was newly recognized by France, Spain, and England, and it was agreed by the *preliminaries* of La Soledad to settle the claims in a diplomatic conference which was to be held in Orizaba. The French plenipotentiaries violated the agreement, England and Spain disapproved such an outrage to the law of nations, and withdrew from the tripartite expedition. War began, and JUAREZ has ever sustained the flag of his country. The seat of his Government has been removed from Mexico to San Luis Potosi, Monterey, and Chihuahua. JUAREZ was recently at El Paso del Norte, on the bank of the Rio Grande. The Congress of the United States of Colombia has declared that JUAREZ has deserved well of America by his constancy and energy in defending the independence of Mexico, and has ordered that his portrait may be honorably placed in the National Library of Bogota.

His Government is recognized by all countries of America except Brazil. JUAREZ is an honest man. He professes republican principles, and has been righteous in the fulfillment of his duty. He is generally esteemed and respected even by his enemies, who acknowledge the honesty of his character and the genuineness of his patriotism. His ministers are Mr. LERDO DE TEJADA for Foreign and Interior Affairs, and Mr. YGLESIAS for the Treasury and Justice Department. At the beginning of the war the President was invested by Congress with extraordinary powers, and he is therefore fully authorized to levy armies, contract loans at home and abroad, and ratify treaties with foreign powers. The only restrictions which control his authority are those which forbid him to sell the national territory, to change the form of Republican Government, to interfere in judicial matters, and to accept foreign intervention in the domestic affairs of Mexico.

MATIAS ROMERO.

MR. MATIAS ROMERO is a native of the State of Oaxaca, and has not yet reached his thirtieth year. He studied law, and is a lawyer admitted in the courts of the City of Mexico.

He was a Secretary of President JUAREZ when the latter was appointed Minister of the Interior Affairs, and afterward an employé in the department of the Secretary of State, following the Constitutional Government to Vera Cruz.

He came to the United States as Second Secretary of the Mexican Legation under Minister MATA. When Mr. MATA returned to Mexico ROMERO remained as "Chargé d'Affaires" *ad interim*. He declined the legation, and went to San Luis Potosi, demanding service in the army against the French, and fulfilled some commissions of the Government. When General DOBLADO formed a new Cabinet in San Luis Potosi Mr. ROMERO was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, and was received in that capacity by President LINCOLN. Mr. ROMERO has been able to maintain friendly relations with the American Government, and has represented his country in a worthy and honorable manner, and without fear, in the cause of Mexican independence.

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